



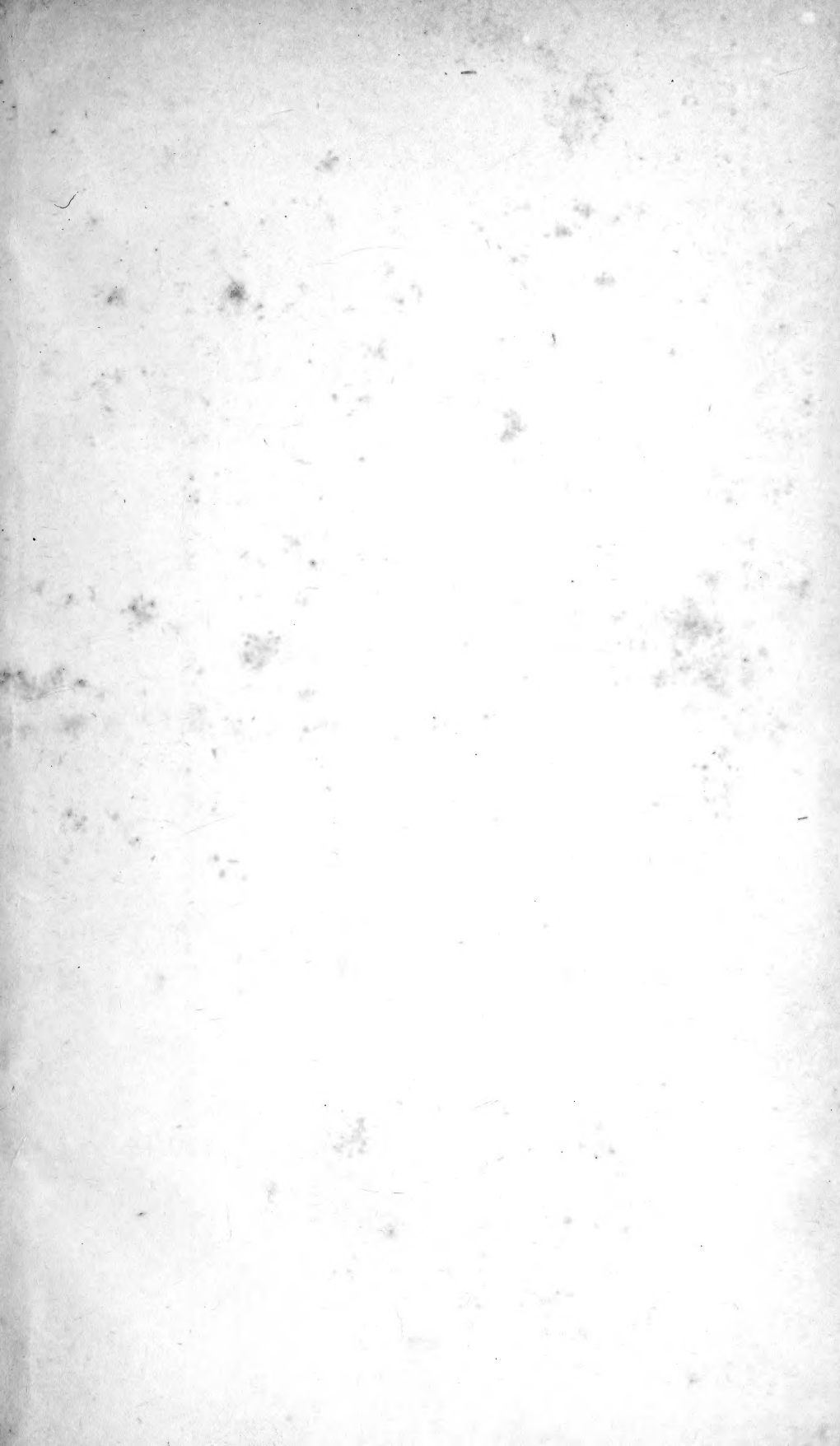
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KEW GARDENS;

A SKETCH:

ST. MARK'S EVE IN YORKSHIRE,

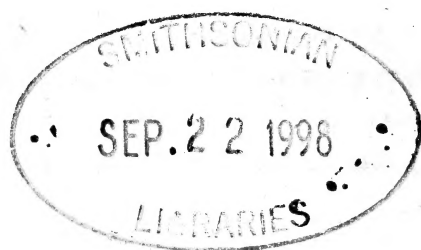
AND OTHER TALES.

SELECTED FROM

Chambers's Miscellany.



PHILADELPHIA:
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & CO.,
1854.



PREFACE.

EACH article in the present volume is superior of its kind. As a selection of choice reading, the book may be confidently commended to the reader. We cannot have too much of that class of literature which presents information in an attractive garb. In "Kew Gardens," we have an elaborate picture of one of the finest conservatories in the world; and it is traced with so much precision and clearness, and with so genial a spirit, that we feel ourselves to be simply a companion of the author, as we pursue the record of his observations. "A Chapter on Diamonds" is a learned and highly interesting history of the most costly of gems; and clearly shows us why it has ever been, and continues to be, so highly prized among civilized and uncivilized nations. "The Relics and Superstitions of the Past" reveals to us, in tales suitable for fireside reading on a winter evening, the instinctive tendency of the human mind to invest with the drapery of superstition whatever is associated with mystery and obscurity. In "The Wreck of the Medusa," the keen and prolonged sufferings which persons abandoned on a raft at sea endured are exposed to our gaze with a skill and fidelity which indicate an acute observer and

an accomplished delineator. In "The Character and Manners of the Tyrolese," we are presented with a picture of a hardy and simple people, who, amid the sternest necessities of war, exhibited a nobleness, a generosity, and a patriotism worthy of Sparta in her proudest days.

In all respects, the unpretending Miscellany we offer to the reader, will well repay a careful perusal.

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K E W G A R D E N S . *

IN one respect there is little difference of opinion about a garden—that it is a good thing to have and a pleasant thing to use and enjoy, even temporarily and briefly. But if we go a step further and look at the various modes of use and enjoyment—the forms, purposes, projects, reflections, and speculations of which gardens have been made the subject—we find a wondrous amount of diversity. Gardens, in the first place, ought to furnish only pure delights. ‘God Almighty’ (says Lord Bacon) ‘first planted a garden: and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works.’ And yet gardens of old were systematically made scenes of voluptuousness and indecency under the sanction of religious rites. Their tutelary deity was in outward form the most disgusting of the heathen Pantheon. The emblems then used to typify the reproductive powers of nature were indeed gross and sensual. We may not uncharitably believe their alleged hidden meaning to have been the shallowest of excuses for the raising of vile ideas. Gardens, again, should be gay—and Watteau has appropriately pictured them as saloons and ball-rooms—thus carrying out the idea of a full-dress promenade, in which the French of the old *régime* delighted. But Hervey’s ‘Reflections on a Flower Garden,’ though well meant, are so dull and doleful that the reader suspects he has taken up the ‘Meditations among the Tombs.’ What would become of the earth—he asks, as a cheering topic—if the sun were gone? ‘Were that radiant orb extinguished, a tremendous

* Popular Guide to the Royal Botanic Gardens of Kew. By Sir W. J. Hooker, K.H., Director. 1851.

Royal Gardens, Kew. Report of the Director for 1850, etc., etc.

gloom would ensue, and horror insupportable.' Ordinary ladies and gentlemen would not see much analogy between an avaricious curmudgeon and an unopened blossom. Hervey, however, is more perspicacious:—

'On every side I espy *budding* flowers. As yet they are like bales of superfine cloth from the packer's warehouse. Each is wrapt within a strong enclosure, and its contents are tied together by the firmest bandages; so that all their beauties lie concealed, and their sweets are locked up. *Just such is the niggardly wretch* whose aims are all turned inward, and meanly terminate upon himself.'—

To the laborious Nehemiah Grew, M.D. and F.R.S., his garden was a school of anatomy and a dissecting room, wherein he endeavoured to trace the secret processes of vegetation; while the respectable Gerard took a wider as well as a more prepossessing view:—

'For if delight may provoke men's labour, what greater delight is there than to behold the earth apparelled with plants, as with a robe of embroidered work, set with orient pearles and garnished with great diuersitie of rare and costly jewels? . . . Giue me leaue onely to tell you that God of his infinite goodnesse and bounty hath, by the *medium* of Plants, bestowed almost all food, clothing and medicine vpon man.'

With such recorded examples—(which we could multiply *ad libitum*)—people will plead for the indulgence of their respective horticultural whimsies; nor would we deny the claim;—but if the right of private judgement is allowed to others, we hope it will be tolerantly extended to ourselves. Now the leading idea at the present moment is, that there must be made, some how and some where—and there soon will be made, else the public will fret itself to death—a vast covered garden, in which we are to have we know not what, in we know not what way exactly.—Something of the kind is inevitable. Smithfield is to be a Ward's Case of several acres, where Cryptogamic students will be able to extend their knowledge of moulds and mycelium; the Crystal Palace—whether kept where it is, or rërected elsewhere—is to be a conservatory containing ponds blooming with *Victoriæ regię* (the singular number would be unseen in such a space), and yet remain cool and dry; or Battersea fields, when not under water, are to bear the honours of a winter garden; or the whole of Lon-

don is to be put under a glass roof. No project, based on this principle, is too wild to be entertained with attention and discussed seriously. But there may be lookers-on who believe that the people are seized with a remittent covered-garden fever—an infatuation from which they will recover by-and-bye, though perhaps after much outlay and disappointment, and after two or three fortunes have been made by those who minister to the mania. But what can a cool and disinterested dissentient do, except treat Master John Bull as a spoiled child clamouring for an expensive toy, which, when he gets it, may do him more harm than good? A good-natured friend will endeavour to soothe and comfort the capricious young giant. He cannot immediately have his glass-roofed garden—still the dear infant shall be shown what pretty gardens he nevertheless has to play in. He shall not be contradicted, for fear of spoiling his temper, which must not be with a young gentleman come of such a good family and with such large expectations. He shall be shown where to pop his head and shoulders into Naples or Madeira any day of the year (except Sunday) that he chuses; and if that will not do, he shall have a little Calcutta to call his own; but his guardians and tutors cannot quite yet consent to a Sierra Leone.

Let us, in short, respectfully suggest that it would be prudent and wise to know and enjoy the good things we do possess, before running headlong after new inventions, and craving for acquisitions of uncertain usefulness. ‘The slothful man,’ we have been of old admonished, ‘roasteth not that which he took in hunting.’ Englishmen in general are not justly chargeable with slothfulness, but if the power of accumulation be indulged to a degree greatly disproportionate to the faculty of concocting and digesting, the folly of the sluggard is in reality committed. And is not *Kew* one remarkable enough instance of an accumulated hunting, as yet but half or a quarter roasted and digested? It is only just beginning to be known throughout the country as a *public* treasury of a certain class of facts. A principal bookseller in an important provincial town, of whom we ordered the ‘Guide’ a few months ago, was unacquainted with it, and thankful to become cognisant of the existence of so useful a little book, ‘*for the sake of chance purchasers and general readers.*’ The number of visitors to the Gardens has of late increased greatly, and may be expected to do so still more, now that, by the liberality of her

Majesty, and the judicious arrangements of the director, the *pleasure-grounds* are thrown open *daily*—Sundays not excluded—during the summer months.

Everything relating to *Kew* indicates what a vast quantity of vegetable prey we are constantly taking, by the industrious hunting of our *employés* all over the world. In George III.'s time, the Old Arboretum—five acres—was considered sufficient to contain all the hardy trees; now, two hundred acres are not thought too much. Our venerable Pinnock, of course on the authority of Linnæus, states that 'it is supposed there are upwards of *twenty thousand species* of plants, which compose, what naturalists have termed, the *Vegetable Kingdom*; nor will this number appear so very surprising when we consider that the whole surface of the earth is covered with them.' In 1851, the private herbarium of the director of Kew Gardens contains 150,000 species, which number, however astounding, falls far short of those yet to be discovered and collected.

The plants here have attached to them, with but few exceptions, their scientific name, and, when it can be given, a plain English one, with the native habitat. But we are not here, as in St. James's Park, mystified and confounded with the information that willows are *Salicineous* trees, and walnuts *Juglandeous* trees; that *Berberis vulgaris*, the common barberry, a native of Britain, is a *Berberideous* shrub—and that *Corylus arborescens*, the arborescent hazel, a native of Siberia introduced in 1829, is a *cupuliferous* shrub. The same school of science would perhaps add the information that Mr. Flamborough, who is staring at the black swans, and who cannot make head or tail of *cupuliferous*, is a bimanous mammal from the coast of Yorkshire, and that his little friend Pincher, who has been refused admission by the gentleman in bottle-green, is a canine quadruped from the Hebridean Archipelago.*

* The date of the introduction of plants is valuable—but the majority of such dates can only vouch that the plant was settled here before a given year. Aiton, in the preface to his *Hortus Kewensis*, says :—'Some plants are by tradition known to have been introduced by Robert James, Lord Petre, but the times when are utterly forgot. To remedy as much as possible this inconvenience they are always stated as having been introduced before 1742, the year of his lordship's death. Mr. Miller, in his Dictionary, often mentions plants as having been communicated to him by Dr. Houston; but

There is hardly a variety of horticultural appetite, unconnected with the orchard and kitchen-garden, which may not be reasonably gratified at Kew. It is the Encyclopædia of such matters, presented to the eye in the shape of facts instead of printed words. Thus, when the Pino-maniac enters the beautiful iron gates—almost worthy, as was said of those for the Baptistery at Florence, to be the gates of Paradise—instead of proceeding to the attractive architectural conservatory before him, he is arrested, in summer, by two large specimens, in tubs, of the *Araucaria Cunninghami*, or Moreton Bay Pine, on either side of the principal walk. These are to him the pillars of Hercules, which he courageously passes; and turning sharp to the left, is at once in the Mediterranean expanse of the Old Arboretum. Still on his left is a noble specimen of the *Pinus Laricio*, or Corsican Pine, something in the way of the Scotch fir, but with a more airy and upright carriage. By this handsome tree he is reminded of the very circumscribed native home of several of his favourites, and resolves to cultivate them with the greater diligence, from the consciousness that if their tribe is by accident brought low in its original habitat, it will utterly perish, unless he aids in disseminating it. Cephalonia, like Corsica, claims a pine to herself—and it bears her name. Another, *P. occidentalis*, not yet in the gardens, is supposed to be confined, or nearly so, to Cuba. The true pines have another limit; they are restricted to the northern hemisphere, though *coniferous* trees are brought from the southern. A fine ruin of a cedar of Lebanon illustrates the former contingency.—There are now in England more individuals of this species, first brought home by Dr. Pococke, than in all the range of Lebanon put together. Next to the *P. Laricio* is the ever scrubby *P. Pumilio* of Carniola; the *P. Pinaster* looking not at all at home—(the sea-side might suit it better):—succeeded by a true Scrub Pine, *P. inops*, from North America, presenting the curiosity of a weeping fir. A Deodara Pine, and a species called *P. Macrocarpa*, from California, on either side of the path, are rivals in beauty. Immediately to the right is an unknown tree from Japan, called *Taxodium distichum*, var. *nutans*, with a straight taper stem and

he frequently omits the time when he received them; these, therefore, are stated as having been introduced before the doctor's decease—in 1733.'

Mr. Aiton, and after him his son and editor, did their best to arrive at more precision in these matters;—but we cannot say much for their success.

bark spirally twisted, like the horn of the Narwhal. Its neighbour is the true Deciduous Cypress, the *Taxodium disitchum* from North America—a very elegant and feathery tree. These are only the most obvious members of the coniferous party at hand. Proceeding, the visitor leaves on the right the Temple of the Sun and a grand Cedar of Lebanon;—the Palm House, like a gigantic bubble, is just visible in the distance, and draws him on, in spite of the temptation to linger. Soon, an avenue of standard roses receives his footsteps; but to continue even in that flowery path is impossible, for to the left appears what might be a tree of the very olden time, out of the coal-mines or the quarries of Craigleith—the *Araucaria imbricata*, the oldest specimen in Europe, brought home by Vancouver after his voyage round the world. Larger individuals exist in the far eastern (or western) banishments of the Old World, but *seniores priores*. On one of the topmost branches appears something like a bird's-nest:—it is a cone or globe. Such have been put forth for several years past, but all in vain. The tree is a solitary female. The hapless *Araucaria* mourns her absent lord; and, unlike that wonderful instance in the great Palm House, to be noticed presently, attests the sincerity of her sorrow by producing only imperfect nuts.

These diœcious plants are sad puzzles to the popular mind. But the enthusiast in pines, when he enters the *Museum*, will there find, contrasted with the abortive English fruit, native specimens from the mountains of Chile. The cone of the *Araucaria imbricata* grown in the garden, and with imperfect seeds, is nearly globular, and has an equatorial circumference of $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches; another, from South America, similar in form, measures in the same way 20 inches; another $24\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The nuts are 2 inches long, plump and smooth: and knowing that they are eaten for dessert, like the kernels of the stone pine in Italy, one longs to taste of the forbidden fruit. In a neighbouring compartment of the case are other monstrous cones—*e. g.* that of *Pinus Coulteri* (not unanimously allowed to be a synonym of *P. macrocarpa*,) measuring 10 inches from apex to base; of *P. Lambertiana*, 13 inches:—but the top of the tree are the cones of Bidwill's *Araucaria*, the Bunyah Bunyah, from Moreton Bay, North-East Australia, as big as a child's head, and shaped like a pine-apple, only without the crown. The nuts are even larger than those of *A. imbricata*, and resemble a chestnut in flavour. The Aborigines of Australia at

the proper season migrate to the pine woods for the sole purpose of collecting them as an article of food ; so that, unless we civilized, cool philosophers, as is probable, exterminate the natives, they may in their barbarous ardour, exterminate the tree. It is, no doubt, well worth the saving, being indeed one of the highest aristocracy of the vegetable kingdom ; but, unfortunately, it is tender here. Attempts are made to keep it protected and trained against a wall like a peach-tree—a curious situation for any Conifer to find itself in. The beautiful *Cryptomeria Japonica*, not hardy in Scotland, is hardy at Kew. Several other noble trees, however, as the *Sophora Japonica*, make this distinction between the north and south sides of the Border.

But instead of the coniferous amateur, we will suppose a small mixed party started in quest of any botanical or horticultural marvels that may seem worth staring at. Such visitors will probably, on first entering, follow the crowd, and make for the Architectural Conservatory. It will gratify the curiosity of many to know that three green-houses, exactly alike, were erected at Buckingham Palace, from designs by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville ; and that in 1836 William IV. had one of the three removed bodily to this place. the second has been converted into a chapel Royal—and the third is still a conservatory at the Palace ; so that her Majesty's subjects here behold the exact counterpart of the building which fulfils the same office in the private grounds of royalty. In this they will find an extremely rich collection of bottle-brush-flowered, zig-zag-leaved, grey tinted, odd-looking things, to most eyes rather strange than beautiful, notwithstanding that one of them is named *Banksia speciosa*. They are the 'Botany Bays' of old-fashioned gardeners, but are more in the shrub and tree line than that of flowering pot-plants. *Banksia Solandri* will remind them to turn to their Cook's Voyages when they get home, to read how poor Dr. Solander got up a mountain and was heartily glad to get down again. Else there is little to fix the attention of our party. Whether *Dryandra*, *Grevillea*, *Hakea*, or the other Proteaceæ, all may take part in the same glee—

‘It was a shrub of orders grey
Stretched forth to show his leaves.’

Thence, the main path will be followed to the cloak-room, where the ladies may leave their shawls or other cumbrous what-nots,—

In descending the steps, notice the two *hardy* palms, *Chamærops excelsa*, on each side, in large China vases. The mass of ivy at the back of the cloak room is worth looking at; which reminds us to note here the pretty and uncommon cut-leaved ivy in front of the Museum.

Reascending the steps, a noble walk is before us, terminated by the smoke-shaft of the great Palm House, in the guise of an Italian Campanile. It stands nearly five hundred feet from the structure to which it is accessory. The smoke from the furnaces is conveyed by flues to a shaft within the tower, and by the use of coke for fuel little is perceptible. Hidden by shrubs, not far from the tower, is a coal-yard, and also the entrance of the tunnel, which, by means of a tram-way, conveys fuel, and brings back ashes, &c., from the furnaces. The tunnel is about eight feet high, convenient to walk in, and lighted and ventilated by shafts from above, many of whose grated openings are concealed in flower-beds. Of course, the public are not indiscriminately admitted to these subterranean wonders. An understanding must first be had with the well-behaved gnomes, who

‘Here, in a grotto shelter’d close from air,
And screen’d in shades from day’s detested glare,’

give the first impulse to the machinery which elaborates the beautiful vegetation overhead.

Water is the vehicle to the grand Palm-stove of whatever Philosophers may decide heat to be, whether substance or accident, essence or effect. Twelve mighty boilers, six belonging to one half, six to another, are the hearts propelling the ‘thermidor’ fluid through pipes, which, by the circulation passing within them, represent rudely a venous and arterial system. This battery has been wisely calculated with a prospect to extreme cases. During the three years the Palm-house has been in action it has never been found necessary to light more than eleven furnaces. In July and August four fires are sufficient to keep things going. There always ought to be a reserved power in establishments whose very existence depends on the maintenance of a given temperature; otherwise, a frost might occur to destroy the whole invaluable contents of this Palm-house in a single night. We shall never forget the story told us by a lighthouse-keeper, on a coast much exposed to north winds, of the awful anxiety lest the oil should

congeal, and the lamps go out, at a time when a gale, we know not how many degrees below freezing point, *must* drive every unwarmed vessel on a lee shore.

But we caught sight of the smoke-tower on leaving the cloak-room, and have not yet advanced far along the vista. On our right are some beautiful large Conifers in tubs, out of their summer airing. They are tender; the more's the pity—for the *Dacrydium cupressinum*, from New Zealand, is perhaps the most unmistakably weeping and disconsolately mournful tree in the world; and no one can look at the Norfolk Island Pine without being angry with it, that so much beauty should be combined with so much effeminacy. Perhaps we blame *and punish* other weaknesses and unrobust idiosyncracies, with the same degree of reason and justice as we should exercise in scolding the delicate *Araucaria excelsa* because it is not gifted with the obstinate temper of a Norway fir. On the left is the Great Orangery, one of Sir William Chamber's solid magnificences, now empty of its inmates, but soon to become the winter garden of those High Tendernesses for whose infirmities we have been offering a sentence in apology. As we proceed, Mr. Nesfield spreads on each side of us bright pieces of carpet, each tinted with one colour. The materials of which this living tapestry is woven are, Calceolarias,—*C. amplexicaulis*, a clear, canary yellow; Pelargoniums—pink-flowered, ivy-leaved, and 'Frogmore,' of a scarlet bright enough to blind weak-eyed mortals; blue *Campanula Carpathica*; grey (when considered *in toto*) *Alyssum variegatum*; *Ageratum Mexicanum*, of clear lavender; the dingy blue (as seen in mass) *Lobelia Erinus*, var. *compacta*; fringed with black and yellow, the *Sanvitalia procumbens*; and Verbenas that bid defiance to the tinctorial art.—There stands the Palm-House—certainly the most elegant if not the most bulky glass structure in the world: but we will leave it for the present, and turn to the left, for the sake of the Victoria and other houses. Here, on the grass grows a puzzle for hybridists—a laburnum between *Cytisus nigricans* and *C. Laburnum*. The plant has put forth one branch of *nigricans* and one of *Laburnum*; the rest is hybrid. Further on we pass between two paper-mulberry trees—*Broussonetia papyrifera*—from the Society Islands, which have stood the last seven winters without any protection. We are inclined to discard the word *acclimatize*, for denoting the supposed process of *making* a plant capable of living

with us the year round in the open air, and to adopt *conclimated*, to express the innate power of doing so, originally given to it. On the rockery there, on the other side of the non-perplexing labyrinth of British plants, are a few spare Cactuses and Euphorbias, inserted to give a little style to the group. *They* are scarcely expected to conclimate, though some of the *Opuntias* do set up a sort of pretence to half-hardihood, which is no hardihood at all. But till plants, in a new home, are thus tested one by one, the most skilful vegetable anatomist and the most learned physiologist cannot say decidedly, on mere inspection, what lowest degree of temperature any novel species may be exposed to and survive.

We are now approaching an assemblage of glass houses conveniently near to each other, and of most varied contents. Their very outside shell is made to protect and support plants that would by themselves give interest to an ordinary garden. Here, in a narrow bed in front of the house No. 13, are growing in the open air both the Black and the Green Tea shrubs, from either of which the Chinese appear to make any sample at pleasure. (See Fortune's 'Wanderings.') The Museum has shown us the powdered Prussian blue which confers the bloom, and other matters employed in the *first* adulteration in the East, before tea becomes acquainted with the strange company introduced to it in England. In No. 16 is the Assam tea, by means of which we hope to keep these amusing processes entirely to ourselves. Side by side with the Black and the Green grows the *Sasanqua* Tea, whose blossoms are used to give the *bouquet* to the two former. At the end of another house grows a Chinese tree pæony, the showy and delicate Moutan;—not apparently a very remarkable specimen—but it is the original plant introduced by Sir Joseph Banks, and the grandmother or great-grandmother of most of the Moutans that have settled in European gardens. Take off your hats to it, ye Nurserymen—that plant has been the means of putting something like 100,000*l.* into your pockets!

There are one or two low small houses that everybody is anxious to peep into. Prying curiosity examines what can be discovered through the keyhole and some supposed chink in the door. Many are the noses flattened against the glass; little regard is paid even to the damaging of a bonnet; a crushed trimming would be a cheap price for a glance into the interior. Why is this? On the door stares the word PRIVATE. 'The Director

may be a sort of Blue Beard, and these are his secret dens. Oh, if I could but rummage in *these* for one five minutes! And they call this throwing open the collection to the Public! It is pretty cool of the Guide-book to tell us that "No. 21 is a substantial new Propagation-house, *kept private* :—at this time chiefly occupied by the numerous young plants reared from Dr. Hooker's seeds of Sikkim Himalayan Rhododendrons;" and that "No. 4 is another Double Propagation-House on an admirable construction; that it is used as a hospital for valetudinarian vegetables, and rickety or sea-sick plants which require peculiar care and attention, and, therefore, *this house is most frequently kept locked, because what is in it is of little or no interest to the public generally!*" Very provoking. I do not believe it.' *Do not*, quite; for we contrived to insinuate ourselves into one of the tyrant's hiding-places, having caught him in one of his *mollia tempora fandì*, and detected there in the very fact—'of what?'—of growing—a double cocoa-nut, all the way from Seychelles. There!—that *was* a secret. While double cocoa-nuts were believed to grow in sub-marine palm forests, one of them would purchase a ship's cargo; but now times are sadly altered, and their price has dropped thousands per cent.

Into this small and recently erected low stove we *may* enter, on the disobliging condition of shutting the door after us; for a little cool breath would be agreeable—and see what grimaces those persons are making before they dare venture to plunge into the heated air, though it is not worse than the gallery-stalls at the Opera. Really the public are very amusing; they have an idea that this, on a large scale, will exactly suit their taste. But wonders and beauties crowd upon us. The plant there should have been dedicated to St. Vitus. It has got the fidgets incurably. Night and day, from its seed-bed to its repose in the compost heap, it twitches and twists the two little leaflets that grow on each side the larger oval leaf. Without perceptible care or motive—except the indulgence of its own caprice—the Moving-plant, *Desmodium* (once *Hedysyrum*) *gyrans*, goes on with its antics. But other beauties in this nice boudoir have taken lessons of the posture-master. A tall gentleman, who is followed by a string of listeners eager to catch every word he drops, takes from his waistcoat pocket a pair of scissors; with these he snips the tip of a pretty leaf, whose divisions seem made up of scores of little leaflets:—

and, mark!—each leaflet folds itself close to the midrib, like the sticks of a shut fan, and the footstalk itself of the leaf has a joint at the axilla, by which it drops and stands at ease. This is the Humble Plant, *Mimosa pudica*, very different from the Sensitive Plant, *M. sensitiva*, which you will see in the great Palm Stove. Though both are so curious, and one so pretty here at home, in Brazil and the West Indies they are nuisances to be exterminated by fire. Their prickly stems choke the growth of sweeter herbage;—neither is it clear that the cattle like to have their noses tickled by the motions of living plants that *writhe* when they begin to be eaten. And now a small bell-glass is lifted; the scissors touch a pair of scaly leaves fringed with green bristles; they close: it is the American Fly-trap (*Dionæa muscipula*), which has, as its name implies, a veritable living trap at the end of its leaves. Listen to what is said:—

‘The moment an insect (or any extraneous body) touches the hairs on the disc, the two lobes close firmly and press the luckless intruder to death; the struggles of the victim indeed, occasioning the lobes to shut more firmly, hastening its own destruction. As soon as the insect ceases to struggle, and dies, the trap opens, ready to continue the work of destruction; but there is no reason whatever to suppose that the dead insects in any way nourish the plant.’

What, then, can be the object of the contrivance, unless the checking a superabundance of insect life? The facts are not novel, but are too wonderful ever to become stale. Gigantic plants existed in præ-adamite times. If there were then a Fly-trap large enough to catch a man! You have rightly guessed that our conductor, so full of information and so kind in imparting it, is Sir W. H. himself. He crushes an evergreen leaf, and gives it to a friend to enjoy the perfume, perceptibly that of the clove; to another he offers a bruised morsel of the lemon-grass, having a delicate odour like the three-leaved Verbena. Tea from this fragrant herb was a favourite beverage with the good Queen Charlotte; and the rumour is, that it is not unpalatable to the most illustrious of her Majesty’s descendants. Observe the Caricature Plant, with bright green leaves something like those of the Bay-tree, but marked down the middle with yellow blotches, the outline of many of which bears a very accurate resemblance to the human face, more or less divine. Here is the Duke, and here Lord Brougham, *dos*

à dos, on the same leaf; there is Pitt; Punch and Judy seem the principal characters on the next. You may remember that, on the first restoration of Louis XVIII., a coloured print of a bunch of *violettes* was contrived to show profiles of Napoleon, his Empress, and the King of Rome;—a leaf turned back did the office of the immortal cocked-hat. That little pot-plant, labelled *Dorstenia*, shows a curious fructification. It is something like a flat piece of green leather growing at the end of a flower-stalk, and is, in fact, a flat, *open* receptacle of minute flowers visible with a magnifier. It is a strange intermediate form; for roll it up with the flowers outside, and it is a bread-fruit; with them inside, and it is a fig. Were the ripened receptacle large and juicy enough to be eaten, it would be literally a *fruit-cake*. In that corner stands a pot of ginger, *not* preserved, except from unnecessary handling. It would take a long day to pay due attention to every thing in this one small hot-house. We will visit it again.

A moderate-sized apartment not far distant must be entered with courage, and yet with reverence. Therein swims in state the Queen of Plants, She would be confessedly a Cleopatra, were she not something better, a *Victoria*. It is stifling hot; and pray mind the descent. Warm work for the young man who remains here on duty, even though her Majesty consents to admit him to her presence in uncoated full dress! It feels the closer for the roof being so low; but most plants thrive the better for being brought near the glass, or for the glass being brought near to them. The cultivation of low-growing plants and shrubs would not be easy in a crystal cathedral. A forest of palms or a wilderness of bamboos would be more thrifty there than a series of flower-beds, to be sauntered amongst and gazed upon by promenaders of ordinary stature. But that is not our affair. Pictorial arguments are the order of the day. Mr. Leech's most alluring sketch of 'John Bull in his Winter Garden' gives the blooming *Victoria* as a detail. But the plant is dormant in winter, unless it is to be forced; and the forcing *that* will make it a nice task for the gardner to avoid boiling it. By such shows as this—as *Punch*, smiling in his sleeve, well shows—the multitude are led. Another dioramic feeler of what may be *tried on* was explained by a lecturer, who, while modestly abstaining from discussing the feasibility of the project, still informed the admiring spectators of the Winter Garden by gas-light, that it was proposed

to cultivate in a large canal, crossed at intervals by tasty bridges, the *Victoria regia* and other *marine* plants! The *lapsus linguæ* dispelled the whole charm of the scene. A new aquarium at Kew will by-and-bye receive the *Victoria*; but even in its humble tank it is a vegetable wonder, putting forth alternately a blossom and a leaf, the latter not the less curious of the two, and looking, as it begins to emerge, very like a hedgehog swimming on its back. The little wheel used at Chatsworth, at Syon,* and in the Regent's Park Botanical Gardens, to keep the surface water in agitation, is here found unnecessary for the health of the plant. The leaf attains its curious rim, and also perfects the honey-combed air chambers in the under surface, by which its buoyancy is increased, enabling it, with management—that is, by equalizing the pressure—to support as much as ten stone weight. Another floating contrivance is seen in a corner of the same tank, in *Pontederia crassipes*, the footstalks of whose leaves are swollen into bladders. At the foot of the *Victoria* reposes the pretty *Nymphaea pygmaea*, a dwarf water-lily, with white flowers the size of a shilling; and on one side the *Nelumbium speciosum*, which furnished the bouquet to the ladies whose mummies adorn the British Museum, still offers to us its blossoms, though of paler colouring.

Let us pass the handsome symmetrical lake, thread the parterre of gaudy flowers, mount the steps conducting to the terrace, and enter the Palm-stove. We can now form some idea of a tropical forest; a tiger might start out from among these tree-ferns, a boa-constrictor might be climbing the trunk of that cocoa-nut palm, humming-birds might be darting amidst the leaves of those Bananas. Every plant has its own interesting history, but we can only glance at a few of the most remarkable. The tall shrub with crimson holly-hock-like flowers is the *Hibiscus—rosa Sinensis*; its blossoms are used in China to black shoes with! A plant inconspicuous in such a place as the great Palm-stove, but of considerable botanical importance as an exaggerated instance of

* The plant was first introduced at Kew—from which the rest are offsets. It first flowered at Chatsworth, next at Kew, then at Kew's charming neighbour, Syon—where this summer both the leaves, like enormous green card tables, and the unrivalled splendour of the flower, were admired by so many visitors, through the princely generosity of the Duke of Northumberland, who may be said to have, for the season of the Great National Exhibition, surrendered to the public both his London palace—the only real one of our old nobility now remaining—and this equally unrivalled suburbanum.

what might be called vegetable malformation, which yet works well in the long run, is the *Xylophylla falcata*, i. e., the scythe-shaped wooden-leaf, from the Bahamas. It has phylloid branches, or green branches flattened and resembling leaves, even more deceptive than those of the New Holland Acacias, being inserted horizontally, in the usual position of leaves on the stem, instead of vertically. The flowers, and occasionally, though rarely, true leaves, appear in what would be the serratures in a true leaf, but what in the metamorphosed branch must be considered as *axillæ*. A vegetable of some notoriety is the *Cibotium Barometz*, or *Scythian lamb*—the vegetable lamb of Tartary, which—according to the writers of olden time—ate up all the herbage within its reach, but, being itself rooted to the ground, eventually perished of hunger. The proof of the story was the presence of this lamb in the cabinets of the curious. Seeing, it was thought, must be believing. Our plant reveals the mystery. The woolly rhizoma (of which the hare's-foot fern is an analogous example) is of considerable substance, and grows into curious contortions and nodosities. Four shortened frond-stalks, left for the dried specimen to stand on when turned upside down, completed the verity of a vegetable lamb. There grow here, however, things useful as well as things passing strange. Observe the chocolate-nut tree, *Theobroma cacao*, 'food for the gods,' putting forth flowers from the thickest part of its woody trunk, to be succeeded by nuts in the same situation, instead of on the twiggy branches. Here is the mango tree, *Mangifera Indica*, with its fruit pendulous at the end of a long stalk, playing the most tempting bob-cherry; for though bad varieties are no better than tow and turpentine, first-rate numbers leave a delicious taste in the mouth, which is remembered for years and years, like the cream-tarts by which the widow of Noureddin Ali recognized the neighbourhood of her cruelly mystified Bedreddin. Each fruit here is secured in a large bag-net, to prevent accidents, and to make hereafter a dainty dish to set before a Queen.

From pleasant fruits and 'Herbes of Vertue,' turn we now to the 'banes and poysons of pernicious and malignant temperature.' The *Calodium sequinum*, or dumb-cane, had better not be bitten, or it will bite in return, depriving lips and tongue of all power of speech. Instances of its virulence have occurred here. The gardeners are now, however, pretty well aware where such mischievous

powers lie dormant, and strangers have no business to volunteer dubious experiments. The horticultural official, who serves a friend of ours, places a stinging plant, the *Loasa urens*, with its pretty yellow flowers and dangerous leaves, in a conspicuous part of his greenhouse, to teach meddlesome children—and ladies—by the blisters on their poor hands, that it is safer to admire than to touch. Public and private establishments are quite different affairs, and such tricks at home look much like inexcusable treachery, but the instance will show what caution ought to be exercised in a national botanic garden.

The most deadly plant ever possessed by Kew, the *Jatropha urens*, is no longer to be found there; it has either been killed off like a mad dog, or starved to death in isolation like a leper. Its possession nearly cost one valuable life, that of Mr. Smith, the present respected curator. Some five and twenty years ago he was reaching over the *Jatropha*, when its fine bristly stings touched his wrist. The first sensation was a numbness and swelling of the lips; the action of the poison was on the heart, circulation was stopped, and Mr. Smith soon fell unconscious, the last thing he remembered being cries of 'Run for the doctor.' Either the doctor was skilful, or the dose of poison injected not quite, though nearly, enough; but afterwards the man in whose house it was, got it shoved up in a corner, and would not come within arm's length of it. He watered the diabolical plant with a pot having an indefinitely long spout. If the vase itself contained a *quid pro quo*, he is not greatly to be blamed. Another not much less fearful species of *jatropha* has appeared at Kew—and disappeared.

We must now ascend the spiral stair-case, and run round the gallery—for the sake of looking down on the luxuriant tree-ferns and palms, admiring the charming effect of the symmetrical flower-beds, and gazing along the vista of infant Deodaras at the noble *Pagoda*—only wanting the Dragons and Bells at the angles of the *stratum super stratum* to present a complete fac-simile of the far-famed one at Nankin. At this height the creepers admit of close inspection:—Note the flowers of the *Aristolochia gigas*, shaped like a helmet, and so huge that the children in South America, according to Humboldt, wear them as hats. *Aristolochia* is Englished Birth-wort, for reasons which the scholar will understand. It is 'curious, if true,' that a not indigenous species should

‘frequently be found wild in the neighbourhood of nunneries.’—We certainly have stumbled on another detestable plant, the savin, in suspicious localities, and fancied it looked much ashamed of itself when detected. Before quitting the Palm-stove, which we must with reluctance, we should remark the delicate green with which the glass has been tinted at the suggestion of Mr. R. Hunt, of the Geological Survey, in order to temper the too powerful rays of the sun—a purpose which the experiment has successfully answered. The sea-green hue is most visible outside towards sunset, or in winter when the sun is low. The last look here shall be given to a subject unique in natural history, Mr. Smith’s *own* plant, which he has recorded in the Linnæan Transactions, June 1839. Its nature will be indicated by translating the name he gives it—*Cælebogyne ilicifolia*—as the holly-leaved bachelor-female; suggesting at the same time that it would have been better if Latin and Greek had not been united in the first word. Mr. tells us—

‘Shortly after their introduction the plants produced female flowers; but, although I have watched them carefully from year to year, I have been unsuccessful in detecting anything like male flowers or pollen-bearing organs; and I should naturally have passed them over as dioecious, and considered the three introduced individuals as females, had not my attention been particularly directed to them in consequence of each of them producing fruit and perfect seeds, from which I succeeded in raising young plants. This, too, was not the result of one year, but of several successive years’ sowing. On considering the circumstances above noticed—in particular the absence of male flowers of the plant itself or of others related to it, with the fact of the stigma remaining so long unchanged, and not exhibiting the symptoms usually seen in stigmas after having been acted upon by pollen—I can arrive at no other conclusion than that it is not essential to the perfecting its seeds: but if an external agent be necessary, and really act upon the stigma, I am unable to say what that agent is, or how it acts.’

The real wonder is, that in Australia, though not in Europe, there are plants of the bachelor-female which bear not inconspicuous male flowers, and that there is nothing at Kew likely to hybridize the imported and *native-born* individuals. It seems a true

case of parthenogenesis. Sceptics, who reason from analogy, never received a greater check.

Let us now visit the *Museum* of three years' standing only, and entirely originated by the present director—but already a most instructive as well as interesting portion of the establishment. The 'Guide' endeavours to serve as a sort of Concordance between this and the Gardens, but the collection at present is merely the nucleus of what it will become a few years hence. The building was formerly a fruit-house to the kitchen-garden, but being rendered unnecessary by the improvements at Frogmore, has been liberally relinquished by her Majesty. The two wings are in the course of addition as receptacles of the accumulating treasures, and the Director's *sancta sanctorum* will soon have to follow, by opening their doors to objects of *public* curiosity and study. The destination of these apartments is 'to receive all kinds of *fruits* and *seeds*, *gums*, *resins*, *dye-stuffs*, *sections of woods*, and all *curious vegetable products*, especially those that are useful in the *arts*, in *medicine*, and in *domestic economy*; such interesting vegetable substances, in short, as the living plants cannot exhibit. This collection will, when more complete, require a separate catalogue:—which is in preparation. It will be a treasury of facts to be perused with eagerness by hundreds who have no opportunity of inspecting the specimens themselves. We only hope that Sir William will not defer the publication till he thinks it will afford a *complete* history of the contents of the Museum; for, in that case, the answer to many an inquirer will be deferred till the Greek calends.*

Great monopolies in certain materials and drugs have long been sustained by the concealment of the plants from which they are drawn. Instances will occur to every one connected with arts and manufactures. It is desirable for the public good that such selfish mystifications should be cleared away; and *here* we often have the product in the Museum labelled with a reference to its living secretor in the Garden or the Houses: *e. g.* Burgundy pitch, from the *Abies excelsa*; American turpentine, from *Pinus*

* While we are correcting our proof sheets, the daily papers announce numerous additions made to this Museum from the breaking up of the Great Exhibition: among others, the noble collection of Scottish agricultural products formed at a vast expense by Messrs. Peter Lawson & Co., of Edinburgh.

palustris; Gutta Percha, in all its stages, from the inspissated juice to the decorative casting (*Isonandra Gutta*); India rubber as it flows from the tree, to the railway buffer ring, the drinking-cup and bottle—(*Ficus elastica*); cakes of maple sugar, looking like bad brown soap—(*Acer saccharinum*); beet sugar, in loaves of the purest white, of French manufacture—and indeed the common sugar of France—from the *Beta vulgaris*, a native not of this country, but of the south of Europe; gamboge, of which there are various species, the best being the *Hebradendron pictorum*, although the gardens possess but one sort alive—viz. ‘the *Xanthochymus pictorius* of Roxburgh, of which the fruits, which ripen with us, yield, on being punctured, the juice which concretes into one kind of *gamboge*, the most powerful of drastic medicines, and affording the brightest and best known of yellow colours.’—The ivory-nut palm—(*Phyteluphas macrocarpa*)—from New Grenada, is fully illustrated. Here is the stem of the plant, a portion of the wood—if such it can be called—the spathes—the flowers—the aggregate fruit—like a Negro’s head—the nuts—a nut with the radicle and plumule just germinating—besides various articles manufactured of this vegetable ivory.

The temples of Pan and of Confucius, which once ornamented the gardens, have alike passed away, but the Museum more than supplies their place as an admirable temple of Science. Strange uses of vegetables are disclosed to whosoever shall seek for initiation into the mysteries of this unsuperstitious fane. It is true the Cannonball Tree of Guiana, *Couroupita Guianensis*, though it does put forth odd-looking globes, does not actually furnish ammunition to the South Americans. Its shells are not dangerously explosive, but are used, like the calabash, for domestic purposes. Its fruit is said to be vinous and pleasant when fresh, and the only mischief it does is to emit, when decayed, an insupportably offensive odour. But the Towel Gourd, *Luffa Ægyptiaca*, a native of the tropics, is used both as wadding for guns and as a sponge.—The Bottle-gourds are well known—and the epidermis of the *Andromachia igniaria* (Quito), used as a tinder, is only one of a numerous list of similar substances; but many of our readers will be surprised to hear of the Caripe or *Pottery-tree* of Para. The bark is burnt and ground, and the ashes are mixed with clay to make vessels. It enables them to stand the fire without breaking, and in the vast alluvial plains of the Amazon is doubtless a valua-

ble succedaneum. In one single compartment of a case are shown leaves, wood, bark, ashes, and earthen vessels, all the produce of this pottery-tree. Then we have a small collection of *dairy plants*—a bottle of milk from the Cow-tree, *Galactodendron utile*, and a portion of its stem; leaves of the *Masseranduba*, or Milk-tree of Para, a little loaf of the milk in a concrete state, and a portion of the stem with the milk exuding; Shea butter from the Niger, made from the kernels of *Bassia Parkii*, with the kernels themselves and leaves of the tree. The spathe which protects the flowers of *Maximiliana regia* is used as a canoe; the natives paddle themselves across a stream in one, and then throw it aside as soon as done with. A spathe in the gallery measures seven feet six inches in length, and nineteen inches in breadth. Other unexpected uses of vegetables are disclosed. Dr. Hooker has sent home a pair of vegetable bellows made of the leaves of a tree, and used for smelting iron by the natives south of the Sone River, India.

Many of the fruits of the Museum differ much from what we expect to find them. The *Nux vomica*, *Strychnos nux vomica*, is a capsule like a large discoloured dried orange, containing a number of flat seeds which furnish the poison. The Sacred Bean of the Egyptians, so often seen in their monumental decorations, *Nelumbium speciosum*, looks in its dried state like a circular piece of over-baked pudding stuck full of hazel-nuts. The *Banksias* from New South Wales give the idea of shell-fish rather than of fruit. They resemble a number of little oysters naturally adhering around a cylindrical stick and embedded in mossy sea-weed, the kernel representing the contained mollusc. There are pods of the *Cassia Fistula*, used in medicine as a cathartic, two feet one inch in length, like long thin sausages; pods of an unknown species of greater diameter are two feet six inches long; those of the *Entada Purusaetha*, another leguminous plant, may be seen two and a quarter inches across. A natural alarum is afforded by the *Hura crepitans* or Sand-box of Jamaica, a plant belonging to the Euphorbias, whose large circular seed-vessel, unless confined by a string or wire, splits into a number of pieces, and scatters its contents with a sound loud enough to wake a sleeping botanist.

We usually think we know all about tea by our acquaintance with its vulgar shapes of Hyson, Souchong, &c. &c.; but there is such a thing as *brick tea*, which Dr. Hooker has brought from

Thibet, looking in its paper package something like a mis-shapen cheese—another sort compressed like scrap-cake for dogs: small *ball tea*, answering to bull's eyes for children, and large ball tea enclosed in the husks of Indian corn. The climax of all, as fancy articles in this line, are *wheat-sheaf tea*, in bundles just large enough to make a good cup or two—and *twisted tea* or *old-man's eyebrows*.

As a pendant to the dairy-plants the light-giving ones may be adduced. In the first place we have candle-wicks from China, made of the pith of a plant, as well as our own rushlight wicks, the pith of *Juncus effusus*, of which a curious twisted variety is to be seen in the little *Frogger* in the centre of the hardy Fernery between the Temple of Æolus and the Museum. Then there are seeds of the *Croton sebifera* or Chinese tallow-plant, with candles manufactured therefrom; candles made from the *acorns of an oak* of New Grenada, from the *Myrica segregata* of New Grenada, from the wax of *Myrica parvifolia*, and of *Myrica macrocarpa*.

Those who are fond of observing *extreme plants* will find plenty in some shape. The Museum has in a dried state the *Rhododendron nivale*—the most alpine *shrub* in the world—brought by Dr. Hooker from an elevation upon Kinchin Jonga, equal to 17,500 feet above the ocean level. And the Garden has the most southern *tree*, the evergreen beech, *Fagus betuloides*, from Tierra del Fuego. That it is a real tree is evidenced by the fact that Captain King made large boats that would hold several men from one trunk, which happened to grow in a sheltered valley; while on the exposed heights of Hermit Island the same species is so dwarfish and stunted, and the branches so densely compacted, like other plants in similar situations—(see the undetermined alsinaceous plant from Thibet in the Museum)—that the traveller is able literally to walk upon the tops of them! For such plants in the south of England the summer's heat is more to be feared than the winter's wet or cold. They droop and are overpowered, like the white bears in the Regent's Park, under the rays of our oppressive sun.

Herbivorous animals are well known, and are supposed to fall in conveniently with the natural order of things; but we are here informed that there exist—in revenge—carnivorous vegetables.—On the mantel-shelf stood, and may still stand, a glass case con-

taining the perfect insect and larva of the creature, a Hawk moth, *Hepialus virescens*, which is preyed on by the Caterpillar Fungus, *Sphaeria Robertsii*. The caterpillar buries itself in the earth to undergo transformation into the perfect insect; while it is lying dormant there, the fungus inserts a root into the nape of its neck, feeds and flourishes on the animal matter, and without destroying the form of a victim, at last converts it into a mummy. A similar slaughter of larvæ is performed in Van Dieman's Land by a representative fungus, the *Sphaeria Gunnii*; and another carries on the same work in China, *Sphaeria sinensis*—while the *S. entomorphiza* tries it even in these parts, so far removed from cannibalism. Living wasps have been taken in the West Indies with a fungus growing from their bodies. Still animal-feeders are not common among plants—unless we include those orchids which a cockney visitor to the Gardens asserted to live entirely on hair!

The Museum not only communicates positive truth, but aids in the dissipation of vulgar error. Thus, it clears the poor darnel, *Lolium arvense*, from an unjust imputation. 'Darnel,' says the Museum, through Professor Henslow, 'is generally reputed to be noxious, and is added to beer (or something else under that name) to increase its intoxicating properties. But De Candolle considers its ill report to be a popular fallacy, and says it is used by the French peasantry in times of scarcity.' Grains of the calumniated grass are shown, looking not unlike grains of rye, whence its name of rye-grass; and Edward Salmon, labourer, of Hitcham, Suffolk, sends half a loaf (proverbially better than none) of Darnel bread, exhibited at his Horticultural show—(we suppose the bold fellow dared to eat the other half)—in appearance better than many a loaf of rye-bread which we have seen used as the common food of man and beast, but never had the heroism to taste. It is true, however, that the darnel, like rye, is apt to be attacked by the *ergot*; and persons eating rye-bread made from flour mixed with ergot are sometimes paralysed. The ergot itself affords a useful but dangerous drug, and of uncertain efficacy.—Some able practitioners have have no faith in it *for good*.

Some light is also thrown on certain little quackeries, of not profound ingenuity. If dyspeptic patients were told that their sufferings would be relieved by a simple farinaceous diet, they might choose to be sceptically scornful; but if they are recommended, by advertisement, to breakfast on a something with a

sonorous Latin name, who can resist the recipe? 'There is,' says the Museum, 'a plant called *Ervum Lens*—in plain vernacular, lentil—the meal or flour of the seeds was first recommended for use as *Ervalenta*, in conjunction with *Mélasse de la Cochin-China*, or common treacle! It met with a great sale at three times its value, till explained by Dr. Pereira. This led to another name being given to it, *Revalenta Arabica*, from the *Revalenta Estates*!!!—the seeds being much used in Egypt and Arabia.—That again was explained by the same pharmacist, and it now meets with a ready sale, by vendors whose powers of face are not equal to their predecessors, as *lentil meal*, or *flour of lentils*.'—The same shelf displays bottles of lentils of various growth, and also bottles of *Revalenta Arabica*, *Ervalenta*, lentil powder, and patent flour of lentils for comparison with the purchased packets at hand as witnesses. The permission of this disclosure is rather a cruel piece of demonstration the part of the Director. If a man has genius enough to make his fortune by a rebus or an anagram, it is unkind not to let him do so. We should take it unfriendly to be in any way hindered in the accumulation of a plum from the rapid sale of muffins and crumpets at a high premium, after we have given them a run by the application of grandiose titles.

The cases containing specimens of injury to timber by insects, and from bad pruning, must be inspected to have their importance appreciated; while the cases of flax and its products are equally interesting to the ladies, who, while they are familiar with the 'Irish,' will be pleased and surprised by the coloured velvets manufactured from the same fibre. There are many beautiful models in wax in various parts of this room—but fruits, flowers, gourds, &c., in spirits show us the real thing. There is the Jack, or *Jaca*, the largest known edible fruit—and a portion of the wonderful *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, the largest known flower.

The series of *Papers*, from the untaught productions of the hornet and the wasp, followed by those prepared from various barks, will be completed by our highly-finished stationery of the present day, as soon as arrangements for its reception can be made. But as to barks, there is no knowing to what purposes they may not be turned. In the gallery are natural sacks, formed of the bark of the Sack-tree, *Lepurandra saccidora*, with a section of the tree left at one end to form the bottom. Another bark,

that of *Bertholletia excelsa*, serves at Para for caulking ships.—Several barks are employed as cigar-tubes, or as envelopes for cigars—layers of that of one tree, called in Brazil, Cascarilla, are cut into lengths of five or six inches, folded up the thickness of a tobacco-pipe, and are then ready for use in that capacity. A late importation is a rude sort of guitar from Parana. It consists of a single joint of bamboo; the bark on one side is raised in four strips, answering to strings—a bridge at each end gives the requisite tension—a sounding hole is cut in the middle—and the thing is done. A native performer might produce effects that would charm native ears; but we may believe it was not this instrument with which Orpheus led the brutes.

It is here too we may behold *what* our daily food consists of. Pause over these three potatoes modelled faithfully in wax. How Cobbett would have gloried had he lived to see it *demonstrated* that a pound of this vegetable contains nearly twelve ounces of water, and only six pennyweights, nine grains, and six tenths of a grain of nutritive matter! To him Professor Henslow would have been a second Daniel. *We* should like to see the chemist put them together again, and make three honest potatoes of these ingredients.

The Reverend Professor's various services to the Museum are warmly eulogized in the 'Guide' (p. 49). He has, however, lately received a more flattering tribute than even this. A party of his parishioners, up for their Exhibition treat, were brought to Kew, and in conducting them through the houses a sort of clinical lecture on the contents was given. A gentleman, who caught a few sentences, begged permission to join the visitors, and listen to the delightful explanations. All concluded, he advanced to the showman, and, in token of his great satisfaction, offered him a shilling. Modest refusals, and hints that it was as much as his place was worth, were answered by an off-hand, 'Oh, take it! take it!' We beg to charge Mr. Henslow with want of presence of mind in not taking it. Had such a chance been ours, we would have received it thankfully, got it double-gilt in the best style, and then displayed it as our professional medal—a sincere *testimonial*.

The national value at this time attained by Kew must be at once admitted by whoever peruses the Director's last Report.—The document is so full of matter that we have a difficulty in

abridging it. The principal points, at least, shall be selected—though, for our own reasons, not exactly in the order in which Sir William Hooker, for his, found it expedient to arrange them.

‘The garden is especially intended to be the means of introducing new, rare, and useful plants, and dispersing them through our own and other countries, and to give an impulse to nurseries and persons trading in exotic plants. Perhaps at no period has there been so great a stimulus given to this introduction of new, rare, but more especially useful plants, as during the last ten years; and the royal gardens of Kew have contributed largely on this head, partly by means of collectors sent out from thence, but still more by the extensive correspondence of the Director with intelligent persons in all parts of the globe, aided, as such communication has been, by the public and private services of individuals and companies, more than can be enumerated, in conveying our collections to and from the East, and to and from the West, free of expense.

‘It were impossible here to notice a tithe of the rare, or useful, or ornamental plants which these Gardens have imported and distributed. A few of those quite recently received may be mentioned—such as the Tussack grass from the Faulkland Islands, proved to be already of the highest consequence to the West of England, Scotland, and Ireland, particularly to the Orkneys and Hebrides, and analogous climates; the Park grass (introduced by Earl Grey), now transmitted to various tropical and sub-tropical colonies; the deciduous and evergreen beeches of Tierra del Fuego; the lace bark-tree of Jamaica; the jute of India; the Chinese grass, as it is called, which affords the best material for calico, and which has latterly been cultivated in the British territories abroad; the African teak, long celebrated in ship-building, yet till now unknown to science; the best caoutchouc (*Siphonia elastica*); the cow-tree of South America; the double coconut (*Lodoicea Sechellarum*), that rarest of all palms; the Huon pine, from Van Diemen’s Land—which proves hardy—[and is among the most beautiful of conifers]; the Chinchona bark (through Mr. Pentland); a hardy palm from China, &c. &c. The *Victoria regia*, introduced through our means, is perhaps one of the most remarkable plants ever reared in Europe; and the number of new and extraordinarily beautiful Rhododendrons sent to us by Dr. Hooker from India, has excited the astonishment of

botanists both at home and abroad. In the eastern extremity of the Himalaya—at elevations varying from 6,000 to 18,000 feet above the level of the sea—this traveller has detected, and in most cases drawn and described on the spot, no less than thirty-seven kinds, the majority of which are quite new. Twenty-two of these have already been reared at the Royal Gardens.

‘We are sure that there is not a respectable nurseryman in the kingdom who has not profited by the riches of Kew, and is not willing to make presents to us in return. In such hands the plants become commercial objects, multiplied, sold, and dispersed with a rapidity that few are aware of. It was not long after the introduction of the beautiful *Clarkia pulchella* from North-west America into England, that a naturalist found it cultivated in the windows of the rooms at Hammerfest (the open air being too cold for it), in 73° north. The seeds had passed from England to Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. It graced, says the traveller, the residence of our host, and I observed this delicate and singularly shaped flower in many cottages of very inferior description near the North Cape.’—*Report for 1850.*

Here is a matter of reflection and congratulation among people capable of forethought and common sense! The reign of Victoria will be chronicled as the era of a mutual distribution of the vegetable productions of the whole world, through the agency of Kew. It is in consequence of her Majesty’s considerate liberality in ceding such a large additional extent of ground, that the establishment has been able to raise itself into this influential position—to be a metropolis of plants. But we must quote further. Sir William Hooker gives *particulars* of what has been done.

‘Our books of the Garden show that we have sent abroad, mainly to our own territories, between January 1847, and December 1850, living rooted plants, in glazed Wardian cases, as follows:—To Ascension Island, 330 plants (mostly trees and shrubs calculated to bear exposure to the sea-breezes and the most powerful winds, and the success of these has been beyond all expectation, affording shelter and protection where none could be obtained before); Bombay, 160; Borneo, 16; Calcutta, 211; Cape of Good Hope, 60; Cape de Verdes, 20; Ceylon, 136; Constantinople, 90; Demarara, 57; Falkland Islands, 118; Florence, 28; Grey Town, Mosquito, 30; Hong Kong, 108; Jamaica, 124; Lima, 33; Mauritius, 36; Port Natal, 29; New Zealand, 57;

Pará, 33; Port Phillip, 33; St. Domingo, 34; Sierra Leone, 71; Sydney, 392; South Australia, 76; Trinidad, 215; North-West Africa, 65; West Australia, 46; Van Diemen's Land, 60; Valparaiso, 34; total 2722, despatched in 64 glazed cases, besides four cases of Pará grass. N.B.—From nearly all the above-mentioned colonies or countries very rich and valuable returns have been sent either to the Garden or the Museum, or both.

The agency of Kew in interchanging the plants of tropical climates is not the less important because the process is little perceived at home; but that much good still remains to be performed by this agency may be understood from the fact that till 1784 the mango had not been introduced to Jamaica, and the acquisition then happened more by accident than by design. The fruit is now largely cultivated there in upwards of forty varieties, which are known not by names, but by numbers, as in Haller's nomenclature, or rather lists, the finest fruit being No. 11. And even after various introductions have taken place, a central half-way house for tropical plants still continues necessary. The Jamaica ginger-plant, originally a native of the East, is found so superior to others, that Oriental cultivators are anxious to be re-stocked from the improved offspring of their own grounds. The value of colonial botanic gardens here becomes apparent; but they are the provincials, and Kew the head-quarters. Dr. Lindley had wisely directed attention to the importance of this point:—

‘There are (said he) many gardens in the British colonies and dependencies, as Calcutta, Bombay, Saharanpore [in the Mauritius], at Sydney and Trinidad, costing many thousands a year. Their utility is much diminished by the want of some system under which they can all be regulated and controlled. There is no unity of purpose among them; their objects are unsettled, their powers wasted, from not receiving a proper direction; they afford no aid to each other, and it is to be feared but little to the countries where they are established; and yet they are capable of conferring very important benefits upon commerce and of conducing essentially to colonial prosperity.

‘A national botanic garden would be the centre around which all these lesser establishments should be arranged; they should all be placed under the control of the chief of that garden, acting with him and through him with each other, reporting constantly their proceedings, explaining their wants, receiving supplies, and

aiding the mother country in everything useful in the vegetable kingdom. Medicine, commerce, agriculture, horticulture, and many valuable branches of manufacture, would derive considerable advantage from the establishment of such a system.'

We will revert to what has been done under the present directorship. Within the four years, 1847—1850, there were sent—

1. To botanical gardens on the Continent,	:	:	:	:	1,132 living plants.
2. To botanical gardens in Great Britain,	:	:	:	:	1,155 "
3. To nurserymen and private gardens,	:	:	:	:	17,616 "

Total of living plants, : : : : 22,625

4. Seeds collected in the garden and distributed abroad and at home : 4,819 papers.

The number of packets of seeds received at the Gardens it would be difficult to state. From Dr. Hooker alone, chiefly from Himalaya and North-Eastern Bengal, we have had 1532 packets within the last two years.

'A part of the Royal Gardens, comprising about two hundred acres, consisting of wood and extensive lawns and walks usually known as Pleasure-Ground, and till lately occupied as game-cover, by the King of Hanover, has been planted systematically and ornamentally with a great variety of such trees and shrubs as will bear the open air. Already, in the short space of two years, it is, perhaps, the most complete collection contained in any single arboretum. The fullest catalogue of hardy trees and shrubs was published by Loudon in 1842, It included of presumed

Species	:	:	:	:	:	2170
Varieties	:	:	:	:	:	1072

The Kew Arboretum already contains of presumed

Species	:	:	:	:	:	2325
Varieties, or hybrids	:	:	:	:	:	1156.

It is now ten years since these gardens were first opened to the public; and the following is not the least interesting passage of this Report:—

'In 1841 the visitors were	:	:	:	:	9,174
1842 "	:	:	:	:	11,400
1843 "	:	:	:	:	13,492
1844 "	:	:	:	:	15,114

1845	the visitors were	:	:	:	28,139
1846	"	:	:	:	46,573
1847	"	:	:	:	64,282
1848	"	:	:	:	91,708
1849	"	:	:	:	137,865
1850	"	:	:	:	179,627

'The mass of this great accession of visitors comes, no doubt, for pleasure, or health and relaxation; but many come for the avowed purpose of horticultural or botanical study; many for drawing botanical subjects, for sketching trees to be introduced into landscapes, and copying novel or striking vegetable productions; others for modelling flowers and making designs for manufactured goods. The several schools of *drawing* and of *design* in London derive great advantage from this collection, and on making application they are supplied with such specimens as can be spared at their own rooms. Various objects in the New Palm House, the Orchidaceous House, the Fernery, and, above all, that noble aquatic plant the *Victoria regia*, have been eminently attractive to artists; and the number of engravings and drawings, and models of them has been very great.* Every facility is given by the director and curator, and it has been suggested that one or two rooms might be advantageously appropriated to those individuals who come for the express purpose of copying plants. Numerous schools, especially charity-schools, are in the habit of frequenting these gardens, and they can hardly fail to gain some instruction from their visits.'

By the close of September, 1851, the number of visitors had reached the sum total of 308,000! On the whole, then—looking at the data before us, and making every allowance for the influx of strangers in consequence of the Hyde Park Exhibition—we cannot take the *present* certain aggregate at less than 200,000 annually;—nor have we the least doubt that a large increase is to be calculated upon. The annual grant to Kew is 7000*l.*, out of which are paid many humble but necessary expenses, such as taking down trees, &c. &c. Now 200,000 visitors, at *ninepence* a head, would produce 7500*l.* per annum. Therefore—throwing aside all that may truly be called ignorant clamour and delusive

* Let us call attention particularly to the splendidly illustrated work on the *Victoria Regia*, dedicated to the Duchess of Northumberland, by Sir W. Hooker himself.

hope about the chance of making such institutions self-supporting*—if the nation presents every individual who visits the Gardens with a ticket costing somewhat less than ninepence, it gets into the bargain gratuitously all the honourable advantage and horticultural precedence which the afore-quoted passages demonstrate to be its right. A curiosity arises to know *how* these students in the Gardens comport themselves. The regulations are given in Sir W. Hooker's 'Guide':—

1. 'Smoking, or eating and drinking, or the carrying of provisions of any kind into the Gardens, is strictly forbidden.

'2. No packages or parcels can be admitted. Ladies, who may feel incommoded by their cloaks, umbrellas, &c., can deposit them in the cloak-room, near the head of the first walk.'

John Bull and his family, absent from home, require a constant supply of little 'snacks,' however hearty and recent the last meal may have been. We once saw an old lady in a stage-coach pull out her pocket-pistol and her cake-basket, exclaiming with a triumphant flourish, 'I've travelled *twenty miles* without tasting!' And so at Kew, the hungry tourists, just landed from the Boat or discharged from the Bus, buy as many pottles of strawberries or gooseberries as they can carry, in addition to their other provender, which is confidently brought for the purpose of being devoured under the first spreading tree in the Royal Gardens which has smooth turf and a seat beneath it. But—the janitors are as iron as the gates, and as stony as the gate-posts, and the fruit-vendors never drop a hint of the fact. Just *outside* the paradise grows a very unpleasant tree, and 'beneath fit umbrage' sits a faithful guardian, who, for the small fee of two-pence, 'takes charge' of any parcel that may inconvenience its owner till his final exit. A curious little pile of votive offerings to the Dryads is sometimes to be seen at the foot of this envious horse-chestnut, from the neat basket which *might* convey flowers and cuttings out, as well as comestibles in, to the paper bag of oranges, the pottles of fruit, and large uncouth packages of what the natural

* 'It is to be lamented that the gardens of the great towns, such as Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull, Manchester, Birmingham, &c. &c., reared by voluntary subscriptions, are many of them nearly in a state of bankruptcy for want of the continual encouragement of the inhabitants; Belfast, however, standing out in striking contrast, from the spirited character of its population, and the peculiar tact and talent of the present curator.'—*Report*.

philosopher, on strict analysis, must pronounce to be hunches of bread and cheese. It might be said, in apology for this tyranny, that the gardeners have plenty to do, without the daily sweeping up of orange-peel, plum-stones, nut-shells, pieces of paper, gooseberry-husks, and ginger-beer corks; and that if people are famished and fainting, there are plenty of taverns and tea-gardens within a bow-shot of the gates. But the plea will not avail. The ruling powers are exceedingly unfeeling thus to stop the supplies. As housemaids would say, 'Missis is *very particular*.'

'3. No person attired otherwise than respectably can be admitted, nor children too young to take care of themselves, unless a parent or suitable guardian be with them; the police have strict orders to remove such, as also persons guilty of any kind of impropriety.

'4. It is by no means forbidden to walk upon the lawns; still it is requested that preference be given to the gravel-paths, and especially that the lawn edges parallel to the walks be not made a kind of foot-way, for nothing renders them more unsightly.

'5. It is requested that visitors will abstain from touching the plants and flowers; a contrary practice can only lead to the suspicion, perhaps unfounded, that their object is to abstract a flower or a cutting which, when detected, must be followed by disgraceful expulsion.'

We have been anxious to learn for what set of people these restrictions *are* absolutely required; and it turns out to be *for those who ought to know better*. The 'lower classes' are not the people who pick and pilfer here. We have seen a group of dirty children, who would not have been admitted at all, had Rule 3 been strictly enforced, dancing round the vases of flowers near the Palm-Stove in an ecstasy of delight, and all but worshipping them, but never daring to touch them. If, near the same date, a member of a liberal profession pockets part of a fern, denies it, is searched, and has to yield the chattel; if women, in elegant attire, can pluck flowers which *they know* they ought to respect sacredly; a low opinion must be formed of the moral sense of such amateurs. It is clear that total abstinence is the only rule compatible with the very existence of the gardens. A luxuriant plant, as the Coral Tree, *Erythrina laurifolia*, may have on it two or three hundred tempting blossoms at once. 'If I take only one, it cannot be missed.' But you are one of a party of four or five

thousand; and if others are as anxious for a specimen of the leaf as you are of the flower, where will the plant be when the gardens close in the evening? Before taking leave of this Report, another point must be mentioned—one in which the whole civilized world are the gainers by such an establishment as Kew.

‘Gardeners consider it a great privilege to pass two years in completing their education here, where they have, moreover, been recently provided with a small library and reading rooms. Those who have been most assiduous in improving themselves receive a superior testimonial. The number of applications for admission from foreign gardeners is so great, chiefly at the recommendation of the representatives of their sovereigns, that we have not vacancies enough for them. Applications are likewise frequent for good gardeners, both for public and private situations. The Government gardens of Ceylon, Trinidad, Jamaica, Ottacumund (Neelgherries), the Cape, Hobart Town, and others, have been recently supplied by us.’

A CHAPTER ON DIAMONDS.

GOLD threatens to become quite common ; so much so that it may possibly, but not very probably, become as vulgar to have a sovereign in one's pocket as to have a farthing. Diamonds on the contrary, have ever retained their pristine rarity and value.—The discovery of a large diamond has ever constituted a page in mineralogical history ; and as if all the little diamonds were concentrated at the last into one, or the dying flicker was the brightest flame, the elimination of a large diamond has generally worked the decay of a mine. Golconda was scarcely ever heard of after the discovery of the Koh-i-nur. The history of a large diamond is also far more curious than could be imagined, and the possession of such has even affected the fate of oriental kingdoms.

True, that modern chemistry has endeavoured to reap advantage from the wondrous discovery made by Sir Isaac Newton, purely from the optical properties of this invaluable gem—that it was of a combustible nature ; and that, with the resuscitation of alchemical powers of old, by means of powerful galvanic batteries, it has endeavored to assimilate its elements into a similar compound, but success has not hitherto attended the efforts made to that effect. The all-powerful electric current was made to reduce this hardest and most brilliant of precious stones to mere gaseous products, confirming that which had been before premised, that its basis was carbon—the chief element of vegetable and not mineral matter ; but no amount of ingenuity, science, and skill, has succeeded in converting gaseous or solid carbon into diamond. A variety of circumstances have thus combined to give permanence to the value of this most singular precious stone, to leave the “Mountain of Light” with scarcely a rival ; to sustain the pecuniary, if not the moral and political, value of the Nishan, and even to impart a factitious interest to a prince from the Highlands of Hindustan.

This valuable stone seems to have been known from the most remote period of antiquity. We find that it was associated along with the emerald and the sapphire in the second row of the twelve precious stones on which the names of the children of Israel were engraved, "everyone with his name according to the twelve tribes," and these were set in the breast-plate of judgment worn by the high-priest. It has been supposed, that as distinct names have been given to swords, to the two pillars that were reared in the porch of the temple at Jerusalem, and to the two chief diamonds of the East, the "Mountain of Light," and the "Sea of Glory," that the Urim and Thummim, which adorned the breast-plate of the high-priest when he went into the "holy of holies," were also diamonds. But the researches of Egyptian archæologists have established that these were small oracular images, similar to the Teraphim, personifying revelation and truth; and derived, according to Sir Gardener Wilkinson, from Thmei, the Egyptian goddess of truth and justice, generally represented as a double person, or, according to Arundale and Bonomi, of Ré, the sun, and Thmei, truth, as on the breastplate worn by the Egyptians.

A diadem, to which succeeded crowns, was originally a simple fillet, fastened round the head and tied behind. Among the jews the diadem was worn by the high-priest; sometimes a diadem, sometimes a crown, by the kings. The state crown (atarah) was of gold, set with jewels. Such was the crown which David took from the king of the Ammonites, (2 Samuel xii. 30,) and afterwards wore himself, as did probably his successors. The more ancient Egyptian sculptures represent crowns in the shape of a distinguishing tiara, cap, or helmet, without gems; but the head-dresses of the Assyrian kings, disinterred by Layard, exhibit high mitres or tiaras, evidently adorned with jewels, among which was most probably the diamond. Many other ancient Asiatic crowns exhibit the same appearance. The crown, in the time of the lower empire, was a fillet, tied in a knot behind, and adorned with pearls and diamonds, either in a single or a double row. The diadem, thus decorated, may be observed on some of the coins of Constantine and Jovian.

The diamond has continued almost ever since to constitute an ornament to the royal head-dress. On days of high ceremony, the Empress of Russia was wont to wear a crown of diamonds, and the collars and two stars of the Orders of St. Andrew and St.

George emblazoned in her vest. It does not appear that there were any diamonds in the crown regalia of Hungary, and which used to be watched by two keepers, night and day, till forcibly removed by the over-zealous patriots of the last insurrection. The crown of St. Stephen was of pure gold, and weighed fourteen pounds. It was decorated with fifty-three sapphires, fifty rubies, one emerald, and three hundred and thirty-eight pearls.

The profusion of diamonds at oriental courts is well known.—The general and ambassador from Nepaul, and his brothers, have been lately astonishing the Londoners with their displays of precious stones. In Persia and in Turkey, all military and civil decorations abound in diamonds. A snuff-box, for an acceptable present, must be set with the same costly gems. The court of Russia still retains, likewise, many traces of Asiatic pomp, blended with European refinement. Coxe, in his travels, says, "Amid the sumptuous articles which distinguish the Russian nobility none perhaps, is more calculated to strike a foreigner than the profusion of diamonds and other precious stones which sparkle in every part of the dress. In most other European countries these costly ornaments are principally appropriated to the ladies; but, here the men vie with the fair sex in the use of them. Many of the nobility were almost covered with diamonds; their buttons, buckles, hilts of swords and epaulets were set with diamonds; their hats were frequently embroidered, if I may use the expression, with several rows, and a diamond star on the coat was scarcely a distinction."

At the drawing-rooms held by Queen Victoria, the same precious stone is often displayed in no small profusion, and some ladies might on such occasions be almost said, in the language of the poet, to be "walled about with diamonds." Yet diamonds are costly things when small, as well as large. The Dowager Queen of Spain had a necklace and ear-rings reset in France, composed entirely of brilliants, which cost half a million of francs. Doubtless, at routs and assemblies many figure away in factitious show.

Faux brilliants, et morceaux de verre,

as Boileau has it, but real diamonds can seldom be mistaken; there is a sparkling lustre and a luminous brilliancy, which so far transcends all other gems, that those who have once seen will easily

recognize them again. The cymophane (chrysoberyl or chrysolite) is the only gem that can compete with it.

The Greek called this gem "adamas,"* It was esteemed victorious over fire, and capable of resisting the hardest things. The test of a diamond, in the Brazils, is still said to be to resist the strongest blows of a hammer when placed in a stone. A talisman among the poetic Easterns, it was esteemed by the Romans favourable under the planet Mars. The notions of the ancients about diamonds have, indeed, been always full of the mystical. According to Pliny, there existed between the diamond and the magnet a natural antipathy. By the alchemists it was supposed to cure insanity, and to be an antidote to poisons; and yet, strange to say, Paracelsus is recorded to have been poisoned by diamond-powder. It having become a common saying that a diamond was softened and broken if steeped in the blood of a goat, Sir Thomas Brown averred, in his anxiety to correct so vulgar an error, that a diamond being steeped in goat's blood rather receives thereby an increase of hardness!

From the extreme brilliancy of the diamond, and its purity, it was consecrated to all that was celestial, and accordingly, supposed that it would triumph over all means employed to subdue it, the solar ray excepted. It did triumph indeed, over the hot furnaces to which it was exposed in the crucible of the alchemist; but the spell which united it to the sunbeam is now dissolved, and it has yielded to the severity of the torture and inquisition of modern curiosity.

Newton, we have seen, reasoning from its great density and high refractive property, concluded that the diamond was combustible or, to use his own language, "an unctuous substance coagulated," though he was, in some measure, anticipated by Boetius de Boot, in 1609. The event has amply verified this conjecture, and the Tuscan philosophers and the Honourable Mr. Boyle ascertained the fact. The first grand experiment to prove the combustibility of the diamond took place in the presence of Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, wherein the diamond being exposed in the focus of the great lens, (still in the Grand Duke's laboratory at Florence,) it was entirely volatilized, thus corroborating the ancient tradition that the solar ray would triumph over it. Guy-

* Unconquerable, whence our "adamant."

ton de Morveau, and others, consumed the diamond, and it was readily dissipated in the focus of the great mirror of Tschirnhausen as Murray believes it subsequently was in that of Parker's burning lens. In the year 1771, Macquer observed the diamond to inflame. Guyton de Morveau had proved that the diamond was destroyed when projected into red-hot nitre; and it was also burnt by means of melted nitre in a gold tube, by Mr. Tennant. When fragments of diamond were introduced into the brilliant arch of flame, evolved between points of charcoal in the galvanic batteries of the Royal Institution, consisting of 2,000 double plates, and exposing a surface of 128,000 square inches; they rapidly disappeared, being completely volatilized. The diamond may be easily consumed, Murray also tells us, by being placed in a cavity of charcoal, and urging on it the flame of a spirit lamp, by means of a stream of oxygen.

So far the combustibility of the diamond was completely ascertained, but its nature remained still undetermined. Lavoisier had proved and pointed out that carbonic acid gas was evolved as a product both in the combustion of the diamond and that of charcoal, and thus their identity was inferred. The researches of Clouet, Messrs. Allen and Pepys, and others have confirmed this conclusion. Sir George Mackenzie converted iron into steel, by powdered diamonds. Mr. Children's immense battery consisted of twenty triads, each six feet long by two feet eight inches broad, exposing a total surface of thirty-two feet; when iron, with diamond powder interposed, was exposed to its influence, the iron was converted into steel and the diamond disappeared; and Mr. Smithson Tennant having placed the diamond in a gold tube, supported in a state of incandescence, a stream of oxygen, by means of gentle pressure, was made to traverse it, and the result proved that the oxygen was transformed into an equal quantity of carbonic acid gas, which was found in an opposite receiver, resting over mercury. Sir Humphrey Davy, when at Florence, made some experiments with the Grand Duke's burning lens on the combustion of the diamond. He found that when the gem was introduced into a glass globe supplied with oxygen, and kindled by the lens, it continued to burn after it was removed from the focus; the oxygen was supplanted by an equal volume of carbonic acid gas, while there was no deposit of aqueous vapour. On the other hand, when plumbago and charcoal were consumed under

similar circumstances, there was a sensible diminution of volume, and also a formation of watery vapour, clearly proving that the latter contained hydrogen. Experiment has thus unequivocally demonstrated that the diamond is pure crystallized carbon.

We have before observed that attempts have been made, both by means of the galvanic battery and the compound gas blow-pipe, to form diamonds artificially, but the attempts have yet met with no greater success than the endeavour to make the *Unio Margaritifera*, or *Meleagrina Margaritifera*, form pearls at command. These mollusks either would not obey the commission, or the pearls they did produce were misshapen, unsightly, and worthless.

The diamond is the hardest of all known bodies; it cuts the hardest crystals, even rubies and sapphires, and the oriental amethyst. Nothing but diamond-powder, obtained by rubbing two diamonds against each other, can polish it; and it is cut by fragments of diamond set in a maul. It requires a temperature of 5000 deg. Fahrenheit for its combustion. When exposed to the sunbeam, and carried afterwards into darkness, it exhibits phosphorescence; and it is said that such diamonds as do not display this peculiarity, may be made to do so by dipping them into melted borax. It becomes phosphorescent also when fixed to the prime conductor of an electrical machine, and a few sparks are taken from it. The primitive form of the diamond is the octohedron; hence its varieties are usually curvilinear polyhedrons, with a lamellar structure, the joints being parallel to the faces of the octohedron. The specific gravity and comparative hardness vary but the former is generally estimated at 3500, water being 1000.

Tradition has always associated the diamond in some mysterious manner with the sun. We have seen that it was supposed that it would triumph over all means employed to subdue it, the solar ray excepted. Science has, to a certain extent, corroborated tradition, by fusing it with the lens. It becomes, as it were, impregnated with an excess of solar light, and carries it as a so-called phosphorescent body into the dark. Its refractive power exceeds that of any other body. Under an angle of incidence exceeding 24 deg. 13 min., it refracts every glimmer of light, which gives rise to its unrivalled brilliancy. It seems, in fact, as if it were an intimate union of a ponderable and an imponderable, and that it embodied in itself the three kingdoms of nature. It is vegetable, by its

basis of carbon ; it is united to the world of imponderables by its incorporated light ; and the resulting compound belongs, by its hardness, &c., to the mineral kingdom. As if so precious a compound could only be generated where the solar ray is most energetic, its habitat had also been, until lately, confined to localities ranging within 18 deg. on either side of the equator, in Asia and South America.

It is but fair to observe, in opposition to these somewhat imaginative views, that some philosophers are content to look upon the diamond as the humble product of vegetable secretion, like amber. As silica is abundantly secreted by some grasses, and carbonate of lime by some of the chara tribe, as semi-opal has been met with in the joints of the bamboo, and wood-stone in logs of teak-wood, so it has been suggested that the diamond may be a secretion from some patriarch and antideluvian boabab or banian tree. The diamond, it is to be observed, is not found in rocks, but only in detritus, as gravel or mud conglomerates in beds of rivers and deep ravines on the slopes of mountains, and in cavities and water-courses on the summits of the loftiest mountains.* Linschoter asserts, that in the East Indies, when they have cleared the diamond-mines of all they can find, a new crop is produced in a few years. This, we need not remark, is more than problematical ; yet certain it is that, at the present day, no one knows where the

* The celebrated traveller, Marco Polo, relates of the diamond mines in the kingdom of Mürsili, that the natives ascend the mountains in the summer time, " though with great difficulty, because of the vehemence of the heat, and find abundance of those precious stones among the gravel. In this they are likewise much exposed to danger, from the vast number of serpents of enormous size, which shelter themselves in the holes and caverns of these rocks where, nevertheless, they find diamonds in the greatest abundance.— Among other methods of obtaining them they make use of this: there are abundance of white eagles that rest in the upper part of those rocks, for the sake of feeding on the serpents ; and in the deep valleys and precipices, where men are afraid to venture themselves, they throw pieces of raw meat, which the eagles, perceiving, immediately stoop and seize it, with all the little stones and gravel that adhere to these moist pieces of raw meat. Such as search for diamonds watch the eagle's nests, and when they leave them, pick up such little stones and search likewise for diamonds among the eagles' dung." The well-known Julius Cæsar Scaliger was extremely offended with this relation ; but Pinkerton justly remarked upon it, that the Venetian was imposed upon by the natives, who were anxious to preserve the trade in their own hands, and to deter strangers by such fables (the oriental origin of which is manifest enough) from attempting the search themselves.

diamond comes from, and all we do know is, that it has not been found in a rock, like all other minerals, and that it is a compound, as before observed, of the basis of all vegetable matter, and of solar light.

In Asia, the diamond has been found most abundantly in the territory of Golconda and Visapoor; in Bengal, in the central and southern parts of India proper, in the Peninsula of Malacca and Island of Borneo; In America, mainly in the Brazils. In India, the diamond is found in a species of indurated ochery gravel; in the Brazils, it is found in loose gravel, consisting principally of rounded quartz pebbles, mixed with sand and oxide of iron, and accompanied with blue, yellow, and white topazes (Nova Mina diamonds.) Diamonds have also been found in conglomerates of recent volcanic origin, called amygdaloids by geologists. Diamonds have been recently discovered on the western declivity of the Ural mountains, in gold and platinum sands, and a diamond is reported to have been found in Ireland, in the bed of a brook flowing through the district of Fermanagh—probably a white topaz.*

When diamonds are coloured, it is by the presence of some adventitious substance. The various tints of yellow are supposed to be produced by the oxides of iron or manganese, and green by oxides of nickel or chromium, as in the case of the oriental sapphire, the spinelle, ruby and emerald. Diamonds have been met with of brown, blue, yellow, gray, red, green, and even black colours.

The secret of polishing diamonds by other diamonds was discovered in 1476, by one Louis de Berguem, and the first polished diamond is said to have belonged to Charles the Bold. It is related by some that he lost this precious jewel at the battle of Morat, in Switzerland, and that the Bernese who found it sold it to some rich merchant of Augsburg, who again sold it to Henry VIII., of England, one of whose daughters carried it as a dowry to Phillip II. of Spain.

Diamonds, it may be observed, are cut into various forms; these are called the brilliant, the rose and the table. The first of these displays the gem to the best advantage, ranks first in esti-

* According to Heeren, diamonds were an article of commerce carried on between the Carthaginians and the Etruscans; and there is every reason to believe that there are mines of diamonds in inter-tropical Africa.

mation, and is always set with the table upwards. The rose may be considered as formed by covering the entire surface with equilateral triangles, terminating in a sharp point at the summit, and it is employed when the spread of the surface is too great for its depth, since, being thus disproportioned, a great loss would be sustained were it to receive the brilliant form. The table is applied to such diamonds as may be considered plates, laminæ, or slabs, such diamonds whose shallow depth is widely disproportioned to their superficial extent. The brilliant and the rose lose, in the process of cutting and polishing, somewhat less than half their weight; consequently the value of a cut stone is double that of an uncut one, independent altogether of the expense of the process.

The Koh-i-Nur is rose-cut. When first given to Shah Jehan, it was still uncut and it weighed, it is said, in that rough state, nearly 800 carats, which were reduced by the unskilfulness of the artist to 279, its present weight. It was cut by Hortensio Borgis, a Venetian, who instead of receiving a remuneration for his labour, was fined 10,000 rupees for his wastefulness, by the enraged Mogul.

The word "carat," it is to be observed, is derived from "kuara" a kind of bean, by which gold-powder was originally weighed in the East. The plant from which this bean is produced, is a species of *Erythrina* or coral tree, of which the common cock's-comb is a familiar example. The species producing the bean in common use as a weight, is figured in "Bruce's Travels." A carat weighs precisely four grains, even beam, as the balance is not allowed to decline. The small diamonds and fragments are sold in the East, by the diamond-merchants, contained in small bags, sealed up; so that to the purchaser it is a complete chance-medley; in this way, too, are pearls, cornelians, &c., disposed of at the India House.

According to the rule supplied by Mr. Jeffries, who wrote a treatise on diamonds, the value of diamonds is in the duplicate rate of their weights. Thus, suppose an uncut diamond, of one carat, to be worth £2, that of one cut and polished would be valued at £8 sterling in the brilliant. At this rate, a cut diamond of two carats would be $2 \times 8 \times 2 = £32$; one of three, $3 \times 8 \times 3 = £72$; one of four, $4 \times 8 \times 4 = £128$; and one of five carats, $5 \times 8 \times 5 = £200$.

Tavernier the travelling jeweller, as Gibbon calls him, esteemed diamonds as the most precious of all stones, and said : "It is the trade to which I am most attached. In endeavouring to acquire a perfect knowledge of them, I visited all the mines, and one of the two rivers where they are found ; and as the idea of danger has never impeded me in my travels, the dreadful picture given me of these mines, as being placed in the most barbarous countries, only attainable by the most dangerous roads, was neither capable of frightening nor deterring me from my design."

By the extraordinary indulgence of Aurungzebe, Tavernier was permitted, on the 2d of November, 1665, to handle, examine, and weigh the greatest treasure of imperial Delhi, the far-famed Koh-i-Nur. The Great Mogul sat on his throne of state, while the chief-keeper of the jewels produced his treasures, for inspection, on two golden dishes. The magnificence of the collection was indescribable ; but conspicuous in lustre, esteem and value, was the Koh-i-Nur.

Tavernier's system of estimating the value of large diamonds was to square the amount in weight, and multiply the product by the value of the stone weighing one carat. According to this system, he formed the following estimate of the two largest cut diamonds in the world—the Koh-i-Nur and the diamond in the possession of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. That belonging to the Great Mogul, he says, weighs 279 9-16ths carats, is of a perfect fine water, good shape, and has but one small flaw, which is on the edge of the bottom of the stone. Without this little flaw, the first carat might be valued at 160 livres ; but on account of that, he put it down at 150 livres (£6) only ; at which calculation, according to the rule laid down, it amounted to the sum of 11,723,278 livres, 14 sols and 3 liards (£468,931 and a fraction.) The diamond belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuscany weighs 139½ carats, is clear, of a fine form, and cut on all sides facet-wise, but as it somewhat approaches to a lemon colour, Tavernier estimated the first carat at 135 livres only, according to which calculation it amounts to 2,608,335 livres (£104,333 10s.)

This scarcely coincides with the estimate given in the *Times*, which reported £2,000,000 sterling as a justifiable price for the "Mountain of Light," if calculated by the scale employed in the trade. In the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the "Mountain of Light" is valued at 380,000 guineas. Mr. Jeffries valued it at

624,962 guineas ; Tavernier, we have seen, at £468,931 sterling, some authorities would reduce the estimate still more. The French, for example, value the cut diamond at 200 francs (£8) the first carat ; but they do not extend the rule of arithmetical progression in the value of the diamond to beyond 20 carats. Those which exceed that weight are sold at a lower price than they would fetch if such a system were carried out. See the "Manuel du Bijoutier-Orfèvre-Joaillier," par Blondeau.

Coloured diamonds of a large size are comparatively few in number. The "Maximilian," or Austrian diamond, is of a yellow colour and rose-cut, and has been an heir-loom in the family ever since the emperor of that name. This is the same diamond which, in Tavernier's time, belonged to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and was valued by him at £104,333. Murray values it at £155,682, the Encyclopedia at £109,520.

"George IV." diamond is of a rich and splendid blue colour, and of great beauty and rarity. It was purchased by his late Majesty from Mr. Eliason for £22,000. Its weight is stated to be $29\frac{1}{2}$ carats. It has hitherto formed the great ornament in the crown on the day of the coronation, but may be now fairly replaced by the unrivalled "Mountain of Light."

It is remarkable, that when the notorious Blood attempted to steal the regalia from the Tower, on the 9th of May, 1671, no gem of any consequence or value was eventually lost. A chronicle of the time says : "A large pearl, a fair diamond, and a number of smaller stones were bulged from the crown in this robustious struggle, but both the former, and several of the latter, were picked up and recovered. The Ballais ruby, which had been broken off the sceptre, was found in his accomplice's (Parrot) pocket."

Perhaps one of the most beautiful coloured diamonds is a rich sky-blue brilliant, belonging to the crown jewels of France. It is stated to weigh $67\frac{2}{16}$ th carats, and estimated at three millions of francs. There was a fine blue diamond in the possession of the late Mr. Greville. The late Duke of York is also said to have possessed a diamond, almost approaching to jet black, of peculiar beauty and brilliancy, and valued at 8000*l*.

So rare are large diamonds, that it has been stated that the number of diamonds of the weight of thirty-six carats and above, known, do not really amount to more than nineteen ; and the en-

ture number of diamonds of a large size in Europe, scarcely amounted, before the arrival of the "Mountain of Light," to more than half a dozen.

The largest uncut diamond is that belonging to the house of Braganza, which is said to weigh 1680 carats, or about 11 oz.—When the Prince-Regent of Portugal, afterwards Don John VI., arrived at the Brazils in 1808, a negro, from Minas Gerais, contrived to send him a letter, desiring to present in person a large diamond he had found. The prince ordered the captain-general to allow the negro to proceed to Court with an escort of soldiers. In a few months the negro arrived, and presented the diamond, remarking, at the same time, that it was the largest ever found in the Brazils. The regent granted him his freedom, and a pension for life for himself and family. It may be remarked here, that the discovery of every diamond of an *octave*, and which weighs $17\frac{1}{2}$ carats, entitles the negro to his freedom.

The Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo, is said to possess a diamond shaped like an egg, with an indented hollow near the smaller end, said to be of the first water, and to weigh 367 carats. Many years ago, the governor of Bavaria tried to effect its purchase, and sent Mr. Stewart to the rajah, offering 150,000 dollars, two large war brigs, with their guns and ammunition, and a considerable quantity of powder and shot. The rajah, however, it appears, refused to despoil his family of so rich an inheritance, to which the Malays superstitiously attach the miraculous power of curing all kinds of diseases by means of the water in which the diamond is dipped; and with it they further believe the fortunes of the family to be connected.

Russia has several large diamonds, one of which adorns the imperial sceptre. It is said in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," to weigh 779 carats (which exceeds the "Mountain of Light," and is valued at 4,854,728 pounds sterling!) but better authorities, as Murray, make it weigh only 179, and Blondeau 193, carats. The history of this diamond is involved in much confusion and obscurity. It is said by some to have formed, for a long time, the *solitary* eye of an Indian idol, and to have been ultimately dislodged from the socket by an Irish soldier, by whom it was sold for a trifle; and, after passing through the hands of several masters, it was sent to England to be cut, and finally sold to the Empress Catharine of Russia, in 1775, at Amsterdam, for the sum of 90,000*l.*, an annuity of 4000*l.*, and a patent of nobility.

Some French authors, as Dutens and Bonare, give a different version of this story. They say that the diamond was *one* of *two* eyes of a Malabarian idol, named Sheringham; and that a French grenadier, who had deserted from the Indian service, contrived so well as to become one of the priests of that idol, from which he had the opportunity to steal its eye. He then ran away to the English at Trichinapeuty, and thence to Madras. A ship captain bought it for twenty thousand rupees; afterwards a Jew gave seventeen or eighteen thousand pounds sterling for it; at last, a Greek merchant, named Gregory Saffras, offered it for sale at Amsterdam, in 1776, and Prince Orloff made the acquisition for his sovereign, the empress. The absurdity of the first part of this story is manifest on the face of it; for it is not likely that a French grenadier could have successfully personated the character of a Braminical priest.*

The diamond sold at Amsterdam is described by Murray as being of the size of a pigeon's egg, and of a flattened oval form—a faultless and perfect gem—its weight, 179 carats. This diamond is also referred to in a letter from the Hague, dated 2d January, 1776, quoted by Boyle in the “Museum Britannicum:”—“We learn from Amsterdam that Prince Orloff made one day's stay in that city, where he bought a very large brilliant, for the empress, his sovereign, for which he paid to a Persian merchant there the sum of 1,400,000 Dutch florins.

The Pitt, or Regent, diamond, was purchased by Thomas Pitt, Esq., grandfather of the Right Hon. William Pitt, when governor of Fort St. George, Madras, who obtained it for 12,500*l.*; the sum of 20,000*l.* having been first asked for it. It was purchased by the Regent Duke of Orleans, during the minority of Louis XV., in the year 1748, for 135,000*l.* Its weight is 131 carats, (Blondeau says 136 $\frac{3}{4}$); its value, as estimated by a commission of jewellers in 1791, is twelve million of francs. It is the prime ornament of the crown jewels of France. The kings wore it in their hats; Napoleon Bonaparte had it fixed in the pom-

* In the *Journal des Savans* for July, 1774, is inserted an extract from the letter of a French missionary, to the following effect:—“That one of the principal diamonds of France, and which was purchased of an Englishman, was one of the eyes of the god Juggernaut, placed in a pagoda at Chandernagar, in Bengal.” This is another version of the history of the Russian diamond.

mel of his sword. Charles X. would willingly have laid claim to it, and brought it to this country, but this was not permitted. The possession of this diamond subjected the purchaser, Governor Pitt, to many calumnies, and to imputations of having unfairly obtained possession of the prize. One account was, that a slave, having found it in his native bed, concealed the diamond in a wound made in his leg for that purpose. Mr. Pitt explained how he became possessed of the diamond, in a letter published in the *Daily Post*, dated 3d November, 1743.—It appears from this, that he bought it of a native merchant, called Jamchund, for 48,000 pagodas. It was consigned by Mr. Pitt to Sir Stephen Evance, of London, knight; and from an original bill of lading, it appears that it was sent in the ship *Bedford*, Captain John Hudson, commander, 8th March, 1701-2, and charged to the captain at 6500 pagodas only. The editor of the "Museum Britannicum" states that the cutting and polishing of the stone cost 5000*l.*; and Jeffries states that it was sold for 135,000*l.*, but 5000*l.* of this sum was given and spent in negotiating the sale of it. The diamond is admitted to approach very nearly to one of the first water. Jeffries says that it has only a foul small speck in it, and that lying in such a manner as not to be discerned when the stone is set. There is a model of the Pitt or Regent diamond in the British Museum.

The Sancy, or Sanci, diamond, also one of the French crown jewels, weighs, according to some, 55 carats, but, according to M. Caire, only 32 12-16 carats. According to Blondeau, it was so called from having been brought from Constantinople by a Baron Sancy; but its history is as obscure as that of other great diamonds. It is said to be the same which we before noticed as belonging originally to Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy, who wore it in his cap at the battle of Nancy, and was found by a Swiss soldier among the spoils of battle, after the defeat of his army, in 1475, near Morat, in Switzerland, and in which he himself was killed. The Swiss sold it to a priest for a florin, or about 20*d.*, and the latter again disposed of it for 2*s.* 6*d.* In the year 1589 it was in the possession of Antonio, King of Portugal, and by him was first pledged to M. de Sanci for 40,000 livres, and subsequently sold for 100,000 livres (21,000*l.*)

The family of this gentleman preserved the diamond for nearly a century, and till the period when Henry III. of France, after

having lost his throne, employed a descendant of this family, who was commander of the Swiss troops in his service, to proceed to Switzerland, for the purpose of recruiting his forces in that country; and having no pecuniary resources at command, he persuaded the same loyal officer to borrow of his family the Sanci diamond, in order to deposit it with the Swiss government, as security for the payment of the troops. Accordingly, the diamond was despatched for this purpose by a confidential domestic, who disappeared, and could nowhere be heard of for a great length of time. At last, however, it was ascertained that he had been stopped by robbers and assassinated, and his body buried in a forest; and such confidence had his master in the prudence and probity of his servant, that he searched, and at last discovered the place of his burial, and had the corpse disinterred, when the diamond was found in his stomach, he having swallowed it when attacked by the robbers. The Baron de Sanci subsequently disposed of this diamond to James II., of England, then residing at St. Germain, from whom it passed to Louis XIV.*

The Piggott diamond was brought to England by Earl Piggott, when Governor-General of India. It was disposed of by lottery, in 1801, for 30,000*l*. Its weight is $47\frac{1}{2}$ carats. The Nassac diamond, now in the East India House, was taken from the Peshwa of the Mahrattas. Its weight is stated to be $89\frac{3}{4}$ carats. Holland has a diamond of 36 carats weight, said to be of a conical shape, and valued at 10,368*l*. The Brazilian treasury is extremely rich in diamonds, of great magnitude and beauty, such as the Portugal Round Brilliant, the Slave Diamond, and others. In the walking stick of King John IV., which is a Brazilian cane, and the handle of which is of wrought gold, there is a beautiful brilliant surmounting its summit, and cut in the form of a pyramid, valued at about 300,000*l*. The buttons on the silken stole of King Joseph I., of Portugal, were twenty in all, each a brilliant. The aggregate value of these amounted to 100,000*l*.

As the statement made by the writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," as to the weight of the Russian diamond, appears to

* This history is related by M rray. We have before seen that the diamond of Charles the Bold was the first that was polished; and an account which coincides in some of the details, but differs in others, is related of it by Goguet, in his "Origine des Arts," t. iii., p. 221; and by Brard, "Minéralogie appliquée aux Arts," t. iii., p. 191.

be either an error or a misprint, so, with the exception, then, of the Borneo and the Portugal diamonds, the "Mountain of Light" is the largest known diamond. But a certain obscurity hangs over both the last-mentioned gems. It is not stated if the Borneo jewel is not an uncut diamond. The "Mountain of Light" weighed, before it was cut, according to the celebrated crystallographer, Romé de l'Isle, $793\frac{5}{8}$ carats; and according to Tavernier, 900 carats. The Portuguese diamond is known to be uncut: and while, according to Romé de l'Isle, it weighs 1680 carats, according to Blondeau, it only weighs 120 carats, and Mr. Mawe, $95\frac{3}{4}$. It is in the form of a natural octohedron, and, worse than all, Mr. Mawe, a good authority, believed it to be a white topaz. The "Mountain of Light" is, in reality, then, entitled to be considered as the largest authenticated diamond known.

The *Times* has anticipated us, by recording the history of this invaluable gem in one of its masterly leading articles. A few of the prominent features of this eventful history, by which this precious stone is made to symbolize the revolutions of ten generations, may, however, be briefly alluded to. This marvellous stone was discovered in the Mines of Golconda, in the year 1550. The kingdom of that name constituted at that time one of the five Mahometan states which had been formed in the Deccan towards the close of the fifteenth century. When the Mogul princes extended their pretensions to the sovereignty of the Deccan, Kootub Shah, then King of Golconda, was brought into collision with Shah Jehaun, the reigning emperor. The result was, that the "Mountain of Light" passed from Golconda to Delhi, where it was seen in the time of the great Aurungzebe by Tavernier.— Sometimes worn on the persons of the Moguls, sometimes adorning the famous peacock throne, this inestimable gem was safely preserved at Delhi, until, in 1739, the empire received its fatal blow from the invasion of Nadir Shah. Among the spoils of conquest which the Persian warrior carried back with him in triumph to Khorassau, and which have been variously estimated as worth from 30,000,000*l.* to 90,000,000*l.* sterling, the Koh-i-Nur was the most precious trophy, but it was destined to pass from Persia as quickly as that ephemeral supremacy in virtue of which it had been acquired. Nadir Shah had entertained in his service a body of Affghans, of the Abdallee tribe, under the leadership of Ahmed Shah, who also served his master in the capacity

of treasurer; and when the Persian conqueror was assassinated by his subjects, the Affghans after vainly endeavouring to rescue or avenge him, fought their way to their own frontiers, though only 4,000 strong, through the hosts of the Persian army. In conducting this intrepid retreat, Ahmed Shah carried off with him the treasures in his possession, and was probably aided by these means, as well as by his own valour, in consolidating the new state which, under the now familiar title of the Doorannee Empire, he speedily created in Cabul. It seemed as if the Koh-i-Nur carried with it the sovereignty of Hindostan, for the conquests of Ahmed were as decisive as those of Nadir, and it was by his nomination and patronage that the last emperor ascended the throne of the Moguls.

At the beginning of the present century, the treasures and power of Ahmed were vested in the person of Zemaun Shah, subject to the incessant assaults of his kinsmen. One of these at length proved successful; and in the year 1800, Zemaun Shah found himself a prisoner, at the disposal of his brother Shah Shuja, the identical puppet, forty years later, of our disastrous Cabul expedition; so that we are now brought down to modern times and characters. Shah Shuja presently ascended the throne of his brother; but the treasury of Cabul was wanting in its most precious ornament, till the "Mountain of Light" was discovered, ingeniously secreted in the wall of Zemaun Shah's prison.

It was eight years after this, while the Doorannee monarchy was still formidable enough to inspire the powers of the East with uneasiness, that Mr. Elphinstone, accredited by Lord Minto to the Affghan prince, betook himself to what was then the remote and unknown town of Peshawur, where, at his state reception, the Koh-i-Nur again flashed, after an interval of so many years, upon the dazzled eyes of a European. Shah Shuja, afterwards the client and pensioner of the East India Company, was dressed on this occasion in a green velvet tunic, fitting closely to his body, and seamed with gold and precious stones. On his breast was a cuirass of diamonds, shaped like two flattened *fleurs-de-lis*, and in a bracelet on his right arm blazed the priceless jewel of Golconda. The prince gave a gracious audience to the ambassador, and Mr. Elphinstone retired; but the Koh-i-Nur was not fated long to continue in the divided and tottering family of the once powerful Abdallees.

The embassy had scarcely recrossed the Indus when Shah Shuja was expelled from Cabul, though he contrived to make this far-famed diamond the companion of his flight. After many vicissitudes of exile and contest, he at length found an equivocal refuge under the protection of that powerful chieftain who had now consolidated the dominions of the Sikhs into a royal inheritance for his own family. Runjeet Singh was fully competent either to the defence or the restoration of the fugitive, but he knew or suspected the treasure in his possession, and his mind was bent upon acquiring it. He put the Shah under strict surveillance, and made a formal demand for the jewel. The Dooranee prince hesitated, prevaricated, temporized, and employed all the artifices of oriental diplomacy, but in vain. Runjeet redoubled the stringency of his measures, and at length, the 1st of June, 1813, was fixed as the day when the great diamond of the Moguls should be surrendered by the Abdallee chief to the ascendant dynasty of the Singhs. The two princes met in a room appointed for the purpose, and took their seats on the ground. A solemn silence then ensued which continued unbroken for an hour. At length Runjeet's impatience overcame the suggestions of Asiatic decorum, and he whispered to an attendant to quicken the memory of the Shah. The exiled prince spoke not a word in reply, but gave a signal with his eyes to a eunuch in attendance, who, retiring for a moment, returned with a small roll, which he set down upon the carpet midway between the two chiefs. Again a pause followed, when, at a sign from Runjeet, the roll was unfolded, and there in its matchless and unspeakable brilliancy, glittered the Koh-i-Nur.

In this way did the "Mountain of Light" pass in the train of conquest, as the emblem of dominion, from Golconda to Delhi; from Delhi to Mushed; from Mushed to Cabul; from Cabul to Lahore; from whence it has now come, in the third centenary of its discovery, "as the forfeit of oriental faithfulness, and the prize of Saxon valour," to the distant shores of England.

The arrival of a gem so precious and so rare, whose history is so full of strange vicissitudes, and with such not uninteresting superstitions attached to it, is an event of no small importance, and has fairly merited on our part these few pages devoted to the consideration of a very curious subject, and necessary to be developed to understand the true position of the "Mountain of Light" as a mineralogical curiosity, and as a gem of value, among the few oth-

ers which are in existence. The oriental tradition of the "Mountain of Light" being an emblem of power and dominion can be easily understood in its full force, when we consider that it could only be under the most serious disasters, or when the imperial treasury was in a state of greatest difficulty—in fact, when an empire was on the brink of ruin—that so precious a stone would be parted with. Hence it may with justice be considered to be an emblem of prosperity and dominion; and, as the brightest jewel in Queen Victoria's crown, there can be little doubt of its remaining, what it has ever been, a brilliant token of power and ascendancy.

RELICS OF POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

ABOUT twenty years ago, a small party, possessed, by what is now called, the spirit of *exploring*, arrived to spend a week at Park-gate—not the celebrated place of embarkation well known to Irish travellers, but an obscure spot chosen for the accommodation of sea-bathers in the West of Scotland. There, this fine name is given to a cluster of white huts on the eastern edge of a broad bay, walled almost round with a natural parapet of rocks, broken here and there into columns linked together by garlands of seaweed, sometimes tufted round their tops like the most elegant Corinthian capitals. Above this parapet rose another wall of mountains covered with the dark heath peculiar to Galloway, except where a few branches of gold-blossomed broom hung like tassels among their brown drapery. Through the only chasm among these mountains, might be seen the brilliant expanse of the Irish Channel and the outline of the English coast, as if sketched with a silver pencil on the edge of the blue sky. In the centre of the bay itself, an isle covered with dwarf trees appeared as if a green pavilion had been raised by magic in a lake of diamonds. Such it seemed in the light of a midsummer sun, as the party of rambles dismounted from their ponies, and demanded the best room contained in the largest white cottage, distinguished by a slated roof and two stone steps at the door. The party consisted of the Provost of K., a tall, active, military-looking man, with a hunter's bag slung over his shoulder; the captain of a trading brig in his service, whose long voyages had stored him with the superstitions of all countries; and the kirk-minister, whose father, as is not unusual with the Scotch priesthood, had been in that pastoral walk of life which still retains a few legends of our own. To these were added the Provost's confidential clerk, or amanuensis, a youth under twenty, who listened with a delighted and believing ear to his patron's favourite romances, which were related with

no small share of his ancestor Rob Roy M'Greggor's gallant spirit, mingled with some of the arch gravity peculiar to our English Gascony. The sallies of imagination which might have been expected from such a party, were controlled and harmonized by the presence of a lady from the vale of Dent, in the Gascony already mentioned. This lady, as the Provost's sister-in-law, and a wealthy widow of forty-five, possessed authority enough to regulate the eccentric humours of her companions, and sufficient attraction to enliven them. She had the bright black eyes and short pert nose ascribed to the celebrated queen of the ancient Egyptians; and enough of olive-brown in her cheeks to suit, as she said herself, the queen of this gay troop of modern gipsies.

The travellers had hardly begun their depredations on a table covered with kippered salmon and eggs, which strongly announced the vicinity of the poultry yard to the peat-stack, before they were interrupted by that extraordinary clamour of dogs supposed, by an ingenious French tourist, to be a Scotch device for the purpose of expediting travellers' horses. The lady ran to the little casement, and the gentlemen, after a few compliments murmured among themselves to the curiosity of the sex, went out to ask questions for their own amusement. The chorus of dogs was presently improved by the sound of two ill-managed bagpipes, a bad violin, and a drum which had been discarded from the Provost's volunteer corps. These headed a procession composed of his waller, mole catcher, grieve or bailiff, and sundry cotters in blue jackets and new shoes; for the apparel of Gallowaymen differs from their more southern neighbours only in the unfrequency of the latter article, and the picturesque plaid and bonnet are seldom added. Two of the youngest, and probably the soberest of this group, supported a sun-burned youth in apparel which did marvellous credit to the glossy blue cloth of the town-tailor. Conscious of this credit, and of his importance as a bridegroom, the wearer endeavoured to assume an assured air which added admirably to the comic effect of the procession. After calling at all the public-houses on their route, and dancing as well as they could at the last, the group reached Park-gate, where the bride resided, and where, according to national courtesy, the elected husband came to claim her. The Provost, with that joyous frankness which links the peasantry of Scotland to their masters more powerfully than solid benefactions, immediately assumed his part in

the festival, and entered the cot-house with his sister, his secretary, and the kirk-minister. Well aware that the Laird might be expected, the party within were arranged with more decorum than the bridegroom's escort without. The three-legged stool, broad old kist or meal-chest, and troops of poultry, which usually occupy the little space of a Scotch cot-house, were on this day displaced to make room for two benches borrowed from Johnny McCune's "public;" the whisps of wheat-straw, and bundles of dry furze, which had been deposited as usual on the lath top of the cupboard bed whereon winter fuel is hoarded, were swept away into a darker place, and only a few bunches of fresh heath blossoms peeped out as a kind of cornice. The old hat inserted into the fourth square of the only window was also removed, and its place very well supplied by half-a-dozen curious faces striving to obtain a glance at the interior. On the two borrowed benches were arranged half-a-dozen damsels, whose earnings at a neighbouring cotton-mill, enabled them to appear on this occasion in white muslin or fine flowered calico, with hose and slippers which had been carefully put on under the nearest hedge; in addition to the usual finery of Scotch maidens, a blue ribbon passed not ungracefully through their hair above the forehead. At the head of the bride-bench, in the place of honour established by most ancient custom, sat the bride herself, distinguished by a cap, while two of her eldest acquaintance broke a large cake over the heads of those who entered; and the minister having forced his way through the crowd, obtained a vacant space, about two feet square, in the centre of the cot-house. To his brief question whether any impediment could be alleged, and equally brief injunction respecting their duties, the parties replied by two silent nods, and uniting their hands without the gift of a ring, received the final benediction. Having thus performed the simple ceremonial dictated by his memory or extempore inspiration, the minister of the kirk of Scotland made a signal to the rosy piper, whose face shone through the broken casement, and led the first dance with the bride, followed by the lady of Dent, who sprang from the three-legged stool brought for her accommodation, and by leading the bridegroom down the dance, atoned to him for usurping his allotted post of honour between the bride-bench and the wall. She gave his spouse a piece of silver coin as a substitute for the lucky stone, or "elfin arrow," now scarce in Scotland; but there was little

doubt of the wedding's prosperity, as a spae-wife, both deaf and dumb, had marked out their figures in chalk, and the winding-sheet for the husband had been duly spun. Untempted by the "tea-dinner," or substantial late breakfast designed for the bridal feast, the travellers returned to their own tenement to discuss the many ceremonies by which popular superstition still decorates an event sanctified by the kirk only with austere simplicity.

"These superstitions," said the good old minister, "are part of the poetical instinct of human nature. We, in this age of reason, have been, perhaps, too busily employed in tearing them from a class of beings to whom mere reason is not much use. Their harmless appeals to fairy ministers, and reliance on unseen agents, spring not merely from idle curiosity, but from that unsatisfied ambition in our minds which inclines us to seek a communion with higher beings, and is part of our finest principle. Since men will create an imaginary importance for themselves, I love to see them connect the interference of their unknown friends with the social affections and simple incidents of domestic life. Let them give these affections and these incidents all the sanctity they can by the help of supernatural agents. I wish the days could return when men were persuaded that a witness sat in every tree, and the spirit of human feeling in every bird."

"It would not be very advantageous to quote Dr. Johnson in Scotland," said the fair widow, "else I could remind you that even *he* has said, nothing would be so tiresome as to live by mere reason. When I was as young in matrimony as pretty Elspy in the cot-house below, the Provost's brother tried to make me find a reason for every thing, but he soon found I had too many. Yet, after all, how very little that we do, think, or wish to have, would bear reasoning! What can we call the every-day ceremonies of our gilt cards, our visits of etiquette, and formal parade, but superstitions of a kind not quite so cheap and diverting as those of Hollowe'en and St. John's Eve?"

Proud of this encouragement from his aunt, the young clerk ventured to add—

"The superstitions of vanity have no end to their varieties, but the superstition of affectionate hearts seems to have been alike in all ages, and the ceremonies it has created differ very little. The Indian Cupid's bow of sugar-cane and his five arrows are the same as his Greek cousin's. The chief of the South Sea Isles

carrying his sick child to the houses of his idols, and praying all night by their consecrated stones, shews the same progress in humanity and reason, as the Hindoos strewing fresh flowers and pouring oil on the stone of their benevolent Maha Deva, and covering it with new-shorn wool. Do not both remind us of the sacrifices offered to the genius or guardian angel of a Roman with wine and fragrant odours?—and even of the Hebrew altar of incense and libations?"

"You might trace such similitudes much farther," rejoined the clergyman:—"What can more resemble our relics of popular superstition than the barley-cake and gifts distributed at an ancient Roman's wedding, and the lamentations or outcries made to awaken him if possible during the first seven days after his death? Our cottagers still preserve the custom of receiving the last breath of a dying relative from his lips, and the nearest of his kindred commit his head to the earth, as we find among the politest nations of the continent was once their custom. The half-penny put into the dead man's mouth, the funeral feast given to the poor, and the wailing of hired mourners, have been recorded in all annals of our northern ancestors and neighbours—from Norway even to the Appennines. From the Esquimaux of Baffin's Bay to the point of Cape Horn, from the Calmuc Tartars to the Tonga Islanders, we cannot find either colony or nation that has not devised some poetical circumstance, or some mysterious mode of divination, to signify their choice in love or marriage. The business of fortune-telling is as old as the world, and the mischievous serpent himself seems to have begun his operations in Eden by telling our grandmother Eve her fortune."

"When I sailed to Aleppo," said the captain, now perceiving an avenue for himself into the conversation, "I bought of an Armenian Jew, in exchange for some of my merchandise, a most strange book, which had been compiled from the works of the Rabbis about 200 years, and I brought it with me here, Doctor, as an addition to your library. But, with respect to your opinion of superstition, I should rather call it the pleasure of human nature in what relates to the merry occasions of life, such as we have seen to-day. And one must own there is something plausible enough in the devices men have found to give consequence to trifles. When I was at Japan, the people shewed me several hot springs, which, as they assured me, were purgatories for certain

classes of men. Deceitful brewers were supposed to lodge at the bottom of the muddiest; bad cooks under those that frothed highest; and quarrelsome wives in one that made an incessant noise.* They offered me a slice of a green serpent with a flat head and sharp teeth, which they professed would infallibly make me witty and brave; but I chose rather to digest the affront than the talisman. In one of their temples I found a piece of mirror, which they thought an emblem of the deity, and endeavoured to propitiate by striking a bell three times. I also saw gilt paper lighted every evening before the sea-god, and comedies acted in the street for his diversion; but the *witches stool* was the most fantastical torture ever devised; and I added to it the long list of provisions I have found for such creatures in every land my anchor has touched."

"Who," rejoined the Calvinist, "has not heard of the ill-luck betiding Friday, the doleful omen brought by a raven or a solitary dove alighting on a house to the left side of the spectator? This rabbinical book, which you have brought me, gives farther testimony on this subject.—'We find,' says the author, 'seven kinds of Diviners forbidden among the Hebrews, not because there were no other, but because they were the most usual. 1. An observer of times—2. An enchanter—3. A witch—4. A charmer—5. A consulter with familiar spirits—6. A wizard—7. A necromancer. To these we may add an eighth, *Consulting with the staff*: and a ninth out of Ezek. ch. 21. A consulter with entrails.—The first is a star-gazer: and his name, saith Aben Ezra, is derived from Gnanan, a cloud. When he observes the stars or clouds, he stands with his face eastward, his back westward, his right hand towards the south, and his left hand towards the north: else I find no reason why the Hebrews should term the eastern the fore part of the world, and the western the back; the south part *Iamin*, or the right hand, and the north part *Shemol*, or the left. He is Menachesch, or a soothsayer, say the Rabbines, who, because a morsel of bread falleth out of his mouth, or his staff out of his hand, or a crow hath cawed upon him, or a goat passed him, or a serpent was on his right hand, or a fox on his left, will say, 'Do not this or that to-day.' A witch or juggler is called Mecascheph, a complexion-maker, a compounder of medicine, an

* *Vide*, Kempfer's History of Japan.

artisan who makes *men* and *women's* faces with paint. The fourth is Chober, a charmer. The Hebrew word signifieth league and association, either from the fellowship such persons have with Satan, or, as Bodinus thinketh, because such kind have frequent meetings wherein they dance and make merry together. Onkelos translates such a charmer *Raten*, a mutterer, and Maimon, cap. 11, describes him thus—‘He is a charmer who speaketh words of a strange language and without sense; and thinketh that if one say so and so to a scorpion, it cannot hurt a man; and he that saith so or so to a man, he cannot be hurt. Likewise he that whispereth over a wound, or readeth a verse out of the Bible over a sleeping infant, that he may not be frightened, is a charmer, because he makes the words of the scripture medicine for the body, whereas they are medicines for the soul. Of such sort was that whereof Bodinus speaketh—That a child, by reciting a certain verse, hindered a woman that she could not make her butter: but by reciting the same verse backward, he made her butter come presently. The fifth is Schoel Ob,* a consulter with Ob, or familiar spirits. Ob properly signifies a *Bottle*, and is applied in divers places to magicians, because they speak with a soft and hollow voice as out of a bottle. The sixth, Liddegnoni, is translated by the Greeks, a *cunning man*; and the Rabbis say, that when such men prophesied, they held between their teeth the bone of a beast which resembled a man. Profane history mentioneth divinations of the like kind, inasmuch as the magicians ate portions of the animals used in augury, thinking that by a kind of metempsychosis, the souls of such animals would be conveyed into themselves, and enable them to prophecy. To the name of the seventh, ‘Doresch el hammethin,’ the Greek answers word for word, a necromancer, or enquirer of the dead. Not that we may suppose witches can raise or disturb the souls or bodies of the dead, though they may bring Satan or their familiar demons in that semblance. Of the eighth, a consulter with his staff, Jerome saith the manner of divination was this—If the doubt were between two or three cities which should be assaulted first, they wrote the names of the cities upon certain staves or arrows, which being shook in a quiver together, the first that was pulled out determined the city. Or the consulter measured his staff by spans,

* *Vide* Chrysostom Tertullian and Augustine.

or by the length of his finger, saying as he measured, 'I will go—I will not go—I will act—I will not act;' and, according to the last words that fell out with the last span, it was determined. The ninth was Roc Baccabed, a diviner by entrails—a practice generally received among the heathens, especially regarding the liver."

The young clerk eagerly interposed to mention the sorceries of liver-eaters, so much feared by the Hindoos, and added—

"I doubt not that a very pleasant parallel might be drawn if any one had time and science enough to exhibit on one large sheet of paper, a list of all the popular superstitions known to us in every country yet discovered. The American feast of the dead, the Obi of the West Indies, and the incantations of Lapland, all betray the same origin as the gayer and more elegant sorceries of Persia and Peru. Perhaps, in the time-taper, the bowl floating in a brass dish to measure hours, and the three trees planted as a marriage bower, by the Hindoos, we may see no slight resemblance to the sacred candle burned by our Yorkshire maidens on the eve of St. Agnes, the ring and plum-posset of St. Mark's vigil, and the dear hawthorns of our ballad-singing shepherds."

The Provost, stretching himself at his ease on the wooden settee or sofa of the hearth-place, replied—

"Among all your nine diviners, I should have chosen Ob, for the inspiration of the bottle never fails. As for your reasons, you have used them as men usually do, only to justify what you like best; but, as we have been all day too merry to be wise, let us excuse our own by telling all the old-fashioned follies we know. I reserve my tale to the last, as I intend it to be the most magnificent, and because, like the Chieftain M'Ivor, I have not got it ready."

"Prepare the best in your stock," said the Lady of Dent, "provided it does not relate to your gold mine at Dunduffle, or the castle of Robert de Romeville, built before Miss MacJupiter's poetical name was translated into English. I mean to narrate all the fibs concerning both."

The audience gave a gallant assent, and the lady's history began, taking due precedence of her five companions—

ST. MARK'S EVE IN YORKSHIRE.

Among the antiquities of Craven, is a castle said to have been built by Robert de Romeville, in the days of the Norman Conqueror, and very picturesquely situated on an ascent, from whence it overlooks the little town it once protected. The inhabitants of this town have not yet forgotten their former sexton, Old Ozias, a man whose anatomy might have been so correctly traced through its scanty covering, that he seemed created to instruct the physicians whose work he finished. A lean, blind dog, a coarse coat of dark stone grey, as if intended to resemble the ancient building to which he belonged, and a strong staff, were this man's usual accompaniments; but he thought the first unnecessary when he celebrated the vigil of St. Mark's eve. At the eleventh hour of that mysterious vigil, Ozias ascended the long winding walk of a church-yard, paved with monumental stones, and took his seat alone in the porch, having qualified himself by a long fast, or abstinence from solids, at least, to claim the revelations allotted to St. Mark's eve, during which, all who are destined to die before the next anniversary, are seen entering the church in a shadowy and silent procession. Those to whom only a dangerous sickness is fated, are supposed to advance no farther than the gate. Such processions could not fail to be very interesting to the parish sexton, who never neglected this vigil, and was known to have predicated the deaths of several hypochondriac gentlemen and aged ladies with surprising exactness, though some suspected his prophecies hastened, and probably caused, their own confirmation. Theodore Ozias sat in the church porch with more hope than fear; but neither the fumes of his last cup, nor his anxious fancy, created any spectres; and he looked down the long street which ascends to the church without seeing a single door open to send forth a visitor. The clock had begun to strike twelve, and the sexton was rising with a sigh of despair, when three male figures in dark cloaks, and one in female attire, appeared at the gate of the castle, which flanked the church, and slowly descended towards the walk of the dead. Notwithstanding Ozias's familiarity with St. Mark's spectres, and the benefit they promised him, he could not see this distinct and solemn procession without trembling;

and when the church-yard gate opened, he shrunk into the darkest corner of the porch. But the persons whom these shadows represented were not destined to die within twelve-months, for they paused there, and returned to the castle in the same slow and silent manner. The last stroke of the clock had sounded, and Ozias, knowing the prophetic hour was past, left his seat in the porch, and crept home with more terror and surprise than he dared confess. The inhabitants of the castle were, at that period, only the steward and his wife, two daughters, as many maid-servants, and one man. How, then, could a procession of three males and one female be supposed to represent this family? Ozias canvassed this question in his own mind; and not willing to lose the possible benefit of a prediction, he whispered to his wife that he had seen certain apparitions, boding ill to the noble owner of the castle. The whisper circulated as usual, for the sexton's wife had a head too full of chinks to hold any thing, and her prophetic hints on such occasions were marvellously useful to her husband. The stewardess of De Romeville's castle had, unfortunately, a stupendous petticoat of homespun cloth to quilt about this time, and collected, according to ancient custom, all the good wives of the town to assist in the work, and enjoy some exquisite hyson. While the household damsels enlivened their supper by ducking for apples* and hunting the ring in a bowl of plum posset, the terrible tale of St. Mark's eve was related at the supper table. Walter Lambert, the seneschal or steward of the domain, heard it with a shrewd smile of contempt, but, unlike other hearers, he considered that a mere invention of old Ozias would have had more likelihood and shew of truth. Taking its improbability as a proof of some real fact concealed beneath it, and having, perhaps, a few secret reasons, he resolved to watch the castle-gate himself that night. His family went to bed at the customary hour of nine, and Lambert, wrapped in a very long and dark roquelaure, concealed himself near the portcullis. This castle, well deserving the motto "Desormais," inscribed over its gate, was still remarkable for the extent and strength of its walls, which enclosed a square court open to the moon beams. As if to avoid

* Shakspeare alludes to this custom when his Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, says,

"And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab."

them, he perceived a female walking on the north side of this court; but when or how she entered, his eyes could not inform him. Presently, three other figures, such as Ozias had described, followed her slowly, one by one, till they disappeared. Walter was a brave and sagacious man, but he lived in the middle of the eighteenth century. He was affected by the dimness and solitude of the hour, by the soundless and solemn tread of these figures, and especially by the resemblance of the female one to a person long since dead. Yet he remembered that earthly forms might have found a passage through the north side of the court to a terrace which bordered it. He made haste through that passage, and saw these strange spectres gliding down a descent almost beyond human tread, among elms that have grown for ages on the shelves of the steep, towards the river that washes their roots. Lambert grew dizzy as he looked into the tremendous chasm, and asked himself if he only dreamed. The crash of one of these old elms' branches, convinced him that more than shadows were endeavouring to descend; and a sudden thought taught him another mode of acting. The narrow river which found its way, almost invisibly, under the steep terrace, had a communication with a canal lately dug, and any boat which attempted to pass might be stopped at the first lock. Walter ran with the speed of an alarmed father by another road to the banks of the canal, considering himself certain that the group he had seen, if they were fugitives, would be compelled to pass that way. He waited at the first lock till his impatience grew to agony; he walked on the narrow pathway, among rocks and weeds, till he reached the hollow under the castle-terrace where he had seen them descending. Not a trace of boat or passengers could be found. Not a branch had been broken from the magnificent elms that almost overtop the castle, nor was there the print of a single footstep on the declivity of the moist bank. The dead leaves lay thick and undisturbed, and some lilies which grew at the water's edge hung in clusters too full and extensive to have permitted swimmers or a boat. He returned to the castle-court in extreme agitation. He placed a ladder against the window of his daughter's bed-chamber, where a watch-light always burned; and looking in, perceived both his children asleep in their respective beds. This spectacle completed his confusion, though it calmed his worst fears, and he went to his own room almost converted to superstition.

Those who have resided in the North, know that sales of cattle were managed there about the year 1752 in a mode very different from the present. At that period deputies were chosen by the farmers of certain townships or districts, and these deputies chose from among themselves, a commissioner of sufficient skill and probity, to purchase in the Highlands or elsewhere, the required number of cattle. When it was collected, and divided into proportionable lots, the deputies assembled on the place where their cattle stood, and each gave a piece of copper coin to one of the drovers, who tossed them in his bonnet, and threw each piece towards a lot of cattle. The farmers abided by this chance, and received the lot to which their deputy's piece of money had been thrown. Walter Lambert, having been selected to attend this animal lottery as a representative of the wealthiest salesman in his district, was compelled to leave home a few hours after his midnight adventure; and, as the allotment of so many hundreds necessarily took place on a very extensive moor, his imagination shaped some fearful presentiments of personal danger. But he forbore to alarm his good dame's superstition, and contented himself with strictly charging her to lock the castle gates with her own hands, and deposit the keys under her pillow. No commands could be received with more intention to obey; but as the nights were cold, and the court-yard gloomy, Dame Lambert entrusted the office to her deputy in many important matters, a faithful servant, who had held her trust forty years; not in the fashion of a modern domestic, but like an ancient Yorkshire hand-maiden, making oatmeal pottage at five o'clock in the morning, knitting hose for all the family, and spinning fine wool or thread for future gowns, by her good mistress' side, on the kitchen *long-settle*, or wooden settee, without any laxation, except a quarterly dance, at a feast, in silver-buckled shoes and an everlasting chintz, or a lover's visit on the morning appropriated to the three joint labours of washing, baking, and brewing. Therefore, it was not surprising that Susan Pete was the repository of village superstitions, and the oracle of the young castle-damsels in all matters of legend and tradition. Nor did she affect much displeasure when her master's eldest daughter whispered in her ear, "Nurse Susan, my father will return to-morrow night, and I have not yet found an ash-leaf with two points, or pulled an ivy-leaf with the ditty

you taught me.* If you will wear my night-dress, and sleep in my place to-night, my little sister will not miss me, while I go in search of them." Nobody understood the importance of these ceremonies better than ancient Susan, or had assisted oftener in compounding the mysterious cake on St. Agnes's eve, though with very little success for herself. Proud of any share in matters which flatter the human heart's self-love so gracefully, by connecting its wishes with the powers of unseen spirits, Susan obeyed her foster-child's injunctions of secrecy, and crept unsuspected into the chamber appropriated to Edith and Margaret Lambert. She lay couched in some fear of detection, and without daring to speak to the other occupant, whose sleep was profound. But in the most dreaded and watching hour of night, the door opened gently, and a female form approached the impostor's bed. The rustling of long yellow silk garments, a pompoon of diamonds prodigiously elevated on a battalion of white curls, and an apron of stiff point-lace, announced Lady Ann Pembroke, whose spirit has never ceased to molest her favourite castle since the days of Dr. Donne. Even the apparition of a brocade negligee has the privilege of rustling, and poor Susan, trembling under the massy velvet counterpane, never doubted that Lady Ann came to rebuke her for profaning a bed once consecrated to her family. But the spectre, after waving her fan thrice, bent her head to the pillow—"It is time!—come instantly, and in silence!" Not even the courage of an old practitioner in charms and mysteries could have resisted this summons, if Susan had not remembered certain legends concerning a coffer of gold supposed to have lain under these walls since the death of Charles the Second; and some hopes of being an agent in revealing it, mingled with great fears of awaking the innocent and unconscious sleeper in the adjoining bed, induced an attempt to rise. Lady Ann's menacing gestures rebuked her delay; and covering herself in the velvet counterpane, she made another effort, which the vigorous spirit aided by snatching her up, muffling her head completely in the heavy velvet, and carrying her out of the room. Probably two or three other goblins of Lady Ann's acquaintance were in readiness, for the unfortunate

* "Ivy-leaf, ivy-leaf, I pluck thee!
I love one, and one loves me!
To-night may I see, and to-morrow ken
Him from among all mortal men."

damsel was carried through innumerable galleries and windings till the fresh air was permitted to reach her face. Then, by a dim star-light, she perceived herself on the verge of that tremendous precipice shrouded by interwoven elms behind the castle. Remembering that a poor miller was supposed to have perished there, either in desperate love of her or of too much ale, she apprehended that these spectres came to execute retributive justice by hurling her down. Her shrieks and protestations of regret for Robin's fate, were stifled by Lady Pembroke and her companions till they had reached the river's edge, and placed her in a boat. But her cries and struggles could be controlled no longer, and at the instant that Lady Ann's representative tore off his fantastic attire, and seized an oar, a pistol-ball from the shore entered his forehead, and he fell lifeless into the water. Susan was not so completely stupefied by this scene as to be incapable of perceiving that his assistants fled among the trees; but her dismay was greater when she heard the voice of her master. She made but one leap from the boat to the bank, scrambled up the knottiest elm, and remained concealed by the friendly help of her dark green velvet mantle till the terrible voice was heard no more.

Walter Lambert, haunted by vague and dismal forebodings, had returned from Bossmoor a night sooner than he had promised, to renew his watch under the castle-terrace. He saw the boat, the struggle, and the female figures; and had three times summoned the boatmen, unregarded, before he discharged his pistol. Then all the group seemed to vanish as if by magic: he plunged among the elms, calling on his daughter: and, failing in his efforts to obtain a reply, or to discover any one, he returned to the disastrous bank. The boat had disappeared, the body of the fallen man was no where visible—he searched the shallow water with his staff, unmindful of his own danger, till another and more urgent curiosity seized on him. He entered by a private postern, and a master-key into his daughter's apartment, and again found both in perfect repose. Not a stain of night-dew or of blood was on the night-dress of either; yet the female he had seen wore Edith's garments, and he was very certain that she could not have preceded him into the castle. At daybreak he caused the water to be dragged; but the whole transaction was either a dream, or had left no trace behind.

Whatever might be the truth, Lambert understood human nature too well to imagine he should gain anything by enquiries. If his daughter Edith had concern it, secret shame and regret would be her punishment; and his forbearance, added to the tenderness he meant to show her, might give a sacred claim on her filial duty. He had too little confidence in his wife's strength of intellect, to trust her with a secret which could only involve her in fears on his account, and anguish on her child's; and, especially, he feared to sully the mind and disturb the peace of his favourite daughter by a suspicion of her sister's guilt. Margaret, or as he was more accustomed to call her, his Pearl, was, indeed, a creature of such delicacy, as seemed fit only to repose like a jewel among down. The appellation she bore was suited to her exterior no less than to her character, for her complexion had that pearly paleness and transparency so admired in Guido's beauties, and so expressively adapted to the soft tint of her eyes, and the lucid serenity of her temper. She was only in her fifteenth year, little more than half the age of her sister, whose shrewdness and adventurous disposition rendered the tenderness of this gentle child more balmy to the father. He had secluded her from the common society of a prattling village, partly from jealous fear of losing the last comfort of his age, and partly from a more generous dread of seeing the exquisite innocence of her youth degraded. Perhaps this seclusion now began to grow painful, or it had disposed her mind to seek society among the wild creations of ancient romance; for, though the simplicity and openness of her conversation were undiminished, it became more inquisitive, and tinctured sometimes with superstition. Lambert had begun to congratulate himself on the caution he had observed respecting the adventure of St. Mark's eve, and the entire oblivion in which it appeared to rest, when old Ozias came to claim an audience. The anniversary of that eve had arrived again, and he had seen his own spectre sitting in the church-porch, with his lean dog, his grey coat, and his staff! Lambert heard the story with derision, and almost execrations.

"Sir," the sexton added, "if I am not to be believed when I see my own ghost, you will believe, mayhap, when you see the letters it has carved on your family tomb-stone."

The father grew pale, though he disdained to admit of the probability of letters carved on stone by a chisel of air; but he visit-

ed the church, and saw the blank left on his family monumental tablet filled up with his beloved daughter's name. He was struck with horror at this trace of the visionary sexton's visit, and determined to remove his Margaret to the healthy and pleasant valley of Dent, beyond the reach of those baleful rumours which the occurrence might create. He proposed the journey, but either the visions of old Ozias or the force of destiny had reached her. She lost even the faint bloom that had mingled with the pearl colour of her cheeks, and the spirit and strength of her frame departed. She told beautiful dreams, and seemed to have peopled every place in her imagination with lovely and benevolent spirits. But the most remarkable particular was, that many of these affecting dreams were realized. She would sometimes pause in the woods, as if to listen, and assure her mother or her sister that some fairy gift awaited her. Often, a few hours after, a basket of flowers, or a knot of silver tissue, would be found in her apartment; but when her sister took either into her possession, the basket was always said to be filled with vervain, or St. John's wort, and the silver gauze twined round an adder-stone. These accidents were carefully concealed from the incredulous father; but the mother, the sister, and the household servants found ample subject for conjecture in occurrences so nearly resembling fairy legends. And the learned neighbours compared her to Alice Pearson and Annie Jeffries, celebrated in 1586 and 1626 for visiting the "little green people" when they seemed quietly in bed. Many tried to disenchant her by the touch of gulliflowers, whose power against sorcery is famous, or of those holy evergreens which protect us from evil spirits at Christmas. Nurse Susan, who had returned unsuspected to her post in the family, almost believed the flowers were fresher, and the wild birds more familiar, in Margaret's walks; and often hid her silver ring under the lovely dreamer's pillow, as if to borrow some part of the mysterious sanctity which seemed to attend her.

On the third anniversary of St. Mark's eve, when Lambert began, as usual, his solitary journey to Bossmoor, his favourite daughter's moodiness changed to melancholy. She sent for her mother to her bedside, and solemnly enjoining secrecy, begged that when her death occurred, she might be buried in the stone coffin of Sir John Wardell, of Wharfedale, which lay in the vaults of De Romeville. Being urged to explain the motive of this wish,

she replied, with a singular light in her pale blue eyes, that she knew, by the spirit of divination, lately granted to her, how her fate was linked with the family of the castle. "I also know," she added, "the moment of my death is not far distant, and I am desirous to commune with their chaplain."

Her mother, whose imagination was alive to all supernatural things, listened with awe and astonishment to this intimation, but did not forget to ask why her daughter preferred a clergyman wholly unknown to her. She repeated her former words, only enforcing them with these—"In two hours it may be too late." Human nature, always aspiring to something greater than itself, finds a kind of loveliness in mystery. Dame Lambert was touched and elevated rather than alarmed. She despatched her only man-servant for the chaplain of Earl Romeville, whose more modern residence was not distant, and they returned together before midnight. Margaret received the clergyman alone in her chamber, where they held a long and secret conference; after which he obeyed her mother's request for an interview. He looked pale, evidently agitated, and, after several attempts to evade the anxious enquiries addressed to him, replied, in a very grave tone—

"I am not certain, madam, whether I ought to discredit all the extraordinary things I have heard to-night, or impute them to that heat of fancy, which is either the cause or effect of pretended divinations. Your daughter has confessed to me the particulars of a certain ceremony, by which, on St. Mark's eve, the ignorant women of this district hope to acquire information from ash-leaves of a peculiar shape, or the ivy-leaf plucked with a strange carol. She has been shewn, it seems, the ancient picture of Rosamond de Clifford in this castle, and told the prophecy which hints, that when as much beauty is found in any living inhabitant, another mistress will appear in it. It cannot be denied that Margaret Lambert most nearly resembles the charming countenance of fair Rosamond, and with such inferences and expectations she probably fell asleep. Her dream was strikingly circumstantial. She imagined herself led by the celebrated phantom of Lady Ann Pembroke, my patron's noble ancestor, into the gallery of pictures, where she saw herself in the ancient garments of fair Rosamond, and afterwards laid in the stone coffin of Sir John Wardell, whose loyalty and courage in the cause of Charles the Martyr lost him his estates. Pardon me if I think the rest of your daughter's

narrative only a continuation of her dream. She tells me that her curiosity, excited by this mysterious representation of her fate, induced her to procure a dog, a coat, and a staff, not unlike old Ozias's, and to keep, herself, the vigil of St. Mark. She obtained the keys from his wife, seated herself near the porch, and saw three men enter with a sack, which they carried towards the chancel, and, raising the entrance-stone of De Romeville's vault, descended with it. She had, or dreamed that she had, courage enough to wait their departure, after which, one of the keys lent to her by the sexton's wife admitted her into the cemetery. There, the lantern which she had concealed under her cloak discovered traces of men's feet about the stone coffin, inscribed with the name of our unfortunate royalist. She saw through a crevice in the wall behind, a kind of cavern crowded with beings of *no human shape*, but of what description, I can by no means persuade her to confess, and it seems as if she dared not devise a name for them. The coffin lid was imperfectly placed, and she discerned beneath it a sack whose shape indicated that it contained a human body. She had courage enough to look farther, and saw a large crevice in another receptacle of the dead which seemed to have been disturbed. It was filled with plate, jewels, and old coin, from which she only ventured to select one small gold ring, as a token of the reality of her adventure. She has shewn it to me. It is a marriage-ring, but certainly bears the initials of the Romeville family, and a very ancient motto. It is possible, however, to have obtained such a ring by an occurrence which I forbear to name, though I think myself justified in suspecting it. Any thing, in short, is more possible or probable than a scene so romantic; and I recommend the most profound secrecy respecting, what appears to me, only the creation of a mind distracted by its own fervour."

Whatever might be the wisdom of this advice, it was accepted, and Margaret saw her communication unnoticed. She sunk into more eccentric musings, often absented herself for an hour, an evening, or a whole day; and though it was certain that she never quitted her apartment, she told strange and circumstantial tales of the rich scenes and beautiful beings she had visited. By degrees, she accustomed herself to hoard food and tapers in a cabinet or oratory, in which she lived secluded so often, that her absence ceased to alarm. On the fourth anniversary of St. Mark's vigil, Walter's anxiety determined him to break open the door of his

daughter's mysterious retreat, but he found it empty. Twenty-four hours had elapsed since he had seen her, and his terror became inexpressible. It was increased by a summons requiring him to come instantly to his patron's residence. He went almost maddened with agony for his daughter's fate, and his surprise cannot be expressed in words, when he found Earl Romeville seated in his saloon with Margaret at his right hand. The first thought that glanced across the father's mind, was a vague hope that the beautiful semblance of Rosamond de Clifford had been elevated to the rank obscurely prophecied. He was confirmed in this pleasant expectation, when his daughter threw herself at his feet, and entreated pardon for her dissimulation; and he stood doubtful whether to feel ennobled or humbled, till his patron said—

“I owe much, Lambert, to your long fidelity, and more to your daughter's courage. Your own obligation to her is still greater, but I hope to repay both. Notwithstanding your zealous care, a desperate knot of adventurers have established their rendezvous for stolen cattle under my castle. Their leader recommended himself to your eldest daughter's favour, but her courage failed her three times when the plan of her elopement was contrived. Even your Pearl appears to have some blemish of superstitious credulity, since she concealed herself in the sexton's chair, on St. Mark's eve, to know her fate. The persons whose midnight visit she detected, discovered her in the church, and bound her secrecy by a frightful oath, and a threat of exposing the murder committed by her father. The body of her sister's lover lay in the cemetery; and this extraordinary girl, equally reluctant to hazard the life of her parent, or the fair fame of her sister, by violating her oath, devised a tale to awaken my chaplain's curiosity. It failed; and, after contriving to delude the spies that watched her, by affected seclusion, she came hither alone, on foot and at midnight, to confess the whole to me, and beseech my protection for you both. I have sent trusty messengers to search the vault, and they have found, as she asserted, a dead robber in one of my ancestor's coffins: and another filled with the plate and jewels which were stolen from me some years ago. These, or at least their amount, I design for her dowry; and if old Ozias renews his vigils on this eve of St. Mark, he will probably see the spectres of all the robbers on their way to the gallows.”

“Truly,” said the Provost, laughing, when the Lady of Dent

had finished her tale, "the gallant Lord of Romeville did well to set his pearl in gold; but I expected to have seen his ancestor's nuptial ring employed to a better purpose. As usual, sister, all the mischief in your story resulted from women; and I have always thought the influence of superstition, and of Eve's daughters, very much alike. Fools deny it openly, but wise men hardly escape from it."

THE GLEN OF GREEN SPIRITS.

THE traveller who designs to visit Dunduffie, must cross a bridge composed of two shattered pines laid from the edge of a table-rock to another nearly of the same height and even surface, but divided by a chasm above fifty feet in depth. Tremendous and confused sounds announce to the ear a waterfall undiscoverable by the eye in the depths of this fearful gulf. Steps hewn in the precipice, with a rude ballustrade of dwarf firs and ragged shrubs, conduct the traveller who dares trust this copy of Michael Scott's Stair in the isle of Bute, to a sudden break or angle in the rocks, from whence he beholds a broad, silent, and slumbering lake, circled by cliffs of abrupt shape but softer colour; all being tinged with purple heath-moss, or dimly seen through mists which ascend continually from this sheltered mass of water. These cliffs are indented with shallow and frequent creeks, and one romantic headland starts forward on the sight with a rude resemblance to some aged fortress broken by decay into fantastic heaps of stone. A narrow current divides it from the shore; but, when dry seasons have abated the lake, the passage is easily fordable by a Highland visitor. Few, even in our exploring period, ever reach this profound solitude; and some lean sheep are all that modern farmers have been able to introduce as inhabitants on a spot which, at the era of my story, shewed no signs of human visitation, except the smoke creeping from among the pinnacles of the island-rock.

It was dead midnight when the witch-woman, who dwelt in a miserable hut under these pinnacles, saw a livid and meagre youth

standing at the door. Her old ban-dog, the only protector of her retreat, crouched shivering by her side at this spectacle, instead of springing forth with a ferocious bark, as he would have done at any human visitant. Yet Mause did not tremble, for she had a thread of flax spun by a child on Christmas eve, and a sprig of holly was near her chimney. Taking them both in her hands, she said—"In the name of the holy rood, what art thou?" The stranger replied—"I am Tam Len, and no harm will befall thee. Give me the water-bucket which should be ready for my feet, and the milk thou owest me; and sleep in peace." Gay Carline,* as Mause was usually called, cast a bolder eye at her visitor. She knew the pranks of this merry spirit with refractory maidens in Ettrick and Yarrow; and the long midnight journeys he had given to meddling judges over church-steeple and mountains. Therefore, she deemed some civil hospitalities needful, especially as the little garden in her rocky recess had flourished marvellously under his tillage. Mause filled a wooden basin with pottage in which there were no herbs unfriendly to fairies, and placed it before Tam Len, with an apology for the absence of milk. "Hast thou no better bowl?" said the courteous spirit. She answered in the negative, but modestly expressed her content, not desiring to accept any household utensil from her associate, though she approved his agriculture, and knew that many holy women in Gallo-way had been safely honoured with his visits. Tam ate eagerly according to his custom, and departed, leaving the door ajar; but the good wife knew the laws of Faeryism too well to hazard a look, lest she should be transformed. Secure in a calm conscience, and a happy confidence in the "green people," she went to her bed of dry heather, and slept till morning. Then on her first opening of the door, she beheld a crystal cup on the threshold. Strange characters were engraved on the brim, and on the amber base, but the Gray Carline's learning extended to nothing beyond her native language. She put it carefully in her chest, not doubting that it came as miraculously as the cup which Sir William Dunbar's ancestor brought home from the French King's cellar, after his ride thither on an elf-horse, or the still richer cup found by the butler of Edenhall in a fairy-ring.

It is not wonderful that poor Mause, in her dreary solitude and

* A good old woman.

desolate old age, felt rather cheered than startled by a communicant from the world she was approaching. Her youth had been familiar with all the tales and ballads that poetic superstition had preserved in the beginning of this century; and she rested with too firm belief on the legends of Nic Nevin, Red Cap, Brownie, Merlin the Wild, and others, to doubt the existence of beings, partly human and partly ærial, according to the system of Celtic elves. And this Tam Len, or Thomline, well deserved the appellation of "good neighbour," by which such spirits are distinguished, as, since he had visited Dunduffe, her garden had grown fertile, her stock of goats had increased, and every week a spade, a wooden keg, or some small article of useful manufacture had been added to her hut. It is true, the produce of her garden was not all consumed by herself; the supernumerary goats were found in her little enclosure of rocks in a frightened and fatigued state, as if they had been "lifted" in an ordinary way, and were often milked by other hands. But the giver was a harmless elf; his visits were short, and his close suit of seeming green leather, such as Tam Len has always worn, never met her touch. Mause ate her meal-puddings in peace, and wisely asked nothing: nor did the Green Spirit address any counsel to her till the night before Hallowe'en. On that night his visit was shorter, and his command awful. "Tomorrow," said he, "thou wilt need a basket of hemp-stalk and a hood of wool. Take thy place under the Imp tree where four waters meet, and thou shalt hear my brethren pass. See that thou speakest not, but when the fifth shall go by, take what he giveth thee." Thomline, or Tam, departed as he spoke; and Mause, with some fearful recollection of the mischiefs performed on such occasions in Glenfinlas and Liddesdale, began to hesitate between curiosity and religion. She was the grand-daughter of Marion Weir, one of the heroines commemorated in the dismal days of Cameronian frenzy; and her faith in goblins was equal to her trust in the armour of truth. She had heard all the mysterious tales of supernatural agents sacrificed by John Knox's pen; and concluded, finally, that her acquiescence would be no profane or dangerous trial. On the eve of Allhallows, which has ever been the jubilee of fairies, Gay Carline set forth to the distant glen where the four waters met, an incident favourable to their revels, and seating herself in her blue cloak with her basket of holy hemp-stalk, awaited the procession. It came, but not as

the traditions of Ettrick forest had taught her to expect, with a train of gay palfreys jingling their silver bells, but in a long, wild, and strange medley of shapes and garments. The leader, unlike the celebrated queen of Elf-land, had neither coral nor silk in her girdle, nor any garland on her head, but her eyes had an unearthly brightness in them, and her song was in no human language. Then followed a brown, a black, and a grey steed, nearly as the maiden of Carterhaugh is said to have seen them, each ridden by a rider of antic figure, and the last was a thin white horse, on which sat a phantom most resembling the Brown Man of the Moor, known to all ancient Scotch women.* Mause trembled at the approach of this uncouth and malignant elf, but she did not forget her familiar's command, and held out her basket to receive the promised gift. If the horseman was visionary, the gift was substantial; at least in its appearance to the eyes of old Mause when the elfin equipage had disappeared, and she opened the bundle left behind. It seemed an infant boy less than fifteen months in age, and in all the loveliness of human childhood. A strange incident!—but fairies are known to have earthly offspring, and to desire for them both Christian nurses and baptism, as has been evidenced in the Isle of Man and Inverness-shire. It lay, no doubt, in a charmed sleep while she returned to her hut, and there, more cautiously examining its envelopements, found neither jewel nor fine linen, but a small knot of blue silk, which she untwined, and saw, as she expected, an amulet in the shape of a small shred of parchment, bearing Celtic words to this purpose:

“ When bush and wall are both of whin,
Gold shall grow in Dunduffe's linn ;
Where the woodbine and gilliflowers twine,
Ye shall find a gold mine.”

Gay Carline no longer doubted that she was selected to act as foster-mother to this fairy changeling, to whom she first offered certain herbs; but, finding it expressed no elfish taste for them, she administered the pure milk of her goats, and the whole of a loaf which she found daily deposited on her threshold, of such rare whiteness and exquisite flavour, that her imagination ascribed

* Poor Mause was less fortunate than the Manksman, (mentioned by Waldron,) who saw above a dozen fairy horses well mounted, and of the best kind, for fairies disdain ponies.

it, without doubt, to the good green people, whose skill in kneading is notorious. The infant throve as if it had been fed on magic food ; but but on the seventh night after its arrival, while she lay awake, she saw the lean face of her friend, Tam Len, at the casement. But there was fern-seed scattered there, and on that account, perhaps, he did not enter. In the next hour she slept, and the face of Tam in her dream awakening her, she started up, and saw by the clear moonlight that the babe was exchanged. Instead of a fair, blooming boy, with large blue eyes and bright hair, she saw a new born creature, with a ghastly face, and limbs that seemed unnaturally long. These were symptoms of elfin deception, and Mause almost shrank from her new foster-child ; but the morning gift found at her door was a wrapper of the finest linen, and a mattress of floss-silk. Gay Carline took courage, and in a few days, though it performed the functions of eating, sleeping, and even breathing, very feebly, she imagined that it became of more human aspect. Even in her prejudiced eyes, its female sex and its helplessness, gave it some attraction, and by degrees it seemed beautiful. Nothing indeed could surpass the soft texture of its skin, the silvery lightness of its hair, and its perfect symmetry of shape ; but when its nurse murmured or sung certain rhymes against witchcraft, she thought the infant gazed on her with eyes of singular expression. She concluded, therefore, that the body was mortal, but that a fairy soul had been breathed into it instead of its own. In the increase of the March moon, she twisted wreaths or circles of oak and ivy ; and having passed it thrice through these circles to disenchant it, the pious dame touched her foster-child's brow with a cross of wood which had been dipped in St. Fillan's well. She was in this act when Tam Len appeared at the door, and sang with a gesture of strange joy the words which she had found in the amulet. Mause now conceived the gold mine of Dunduffle was designed to recompense her, and determined to hazard a search, after the sanctifying rite she had just performed. Under the whin-bush beneath the appointed spot, she found with more awe than astonishment, a pitcher of clay filled with gold coin. It was enough to have tempted Thomas of Erildoune, or the Hermit of Tweed-dale himself ; yet Mause forbore even to touch a doit. But the Gay Carline was a woman : she lay awake three nights meditating whether she might safely expend fairy gold without being "sodden in a brass cauldron"

like Lord Soulis at Nine Stane Rig, or beguiled like the fair Janet on Broom-hill. Every week a web of fair linen, a basket of rare fish, and sometimes a keg of no invisible or ethereal spirit, was deposited on her threshold; but no good fairy had yet sent her a new cambric curch.* Satan, more powerful than Tam Len or John Knox, determined her to hazard one visit to the Martinmas tryst at ———, and there to purchase some choice snuff, a bible, and a curch. The day was fine, the purchases made with a piece of “braid gold” from the pitcher; and though her absence had been two hours in length, the infant smiled as if it had been newly fed, and its thin curls of white flossy hair had just been combed. But her punishment begun before midnight. Tam Len suddenly entered her hovel with glaring eyes; and clasping her with hands that seemed iron cold, leaped at once from the rocks, to which he dragged the shrieking foster nurse, into the lake below.

There was no instant for thought or struggle. Though he dived only for ten seconds, strange sounds had begun to ring in Mause’s ears, and colours of marvellous brilliance floated before her eyes. When she emerged again from the water, they seemed to behold such wonders as the diving-bell is said to have revealed to an adventurous Manksman. She thought herself in a spacious room propped by pillars of crystal not inferior to diamonds, and walls embossed in rare figures, with mother-of-pearl and shells of all hues. Clusters that shown in the light reflected from a lamp like the moon in the various tints of topazes, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, hung loose from the roof and on the walls; even the floor had a pavement gleaming like polished porphyry; and a large jasper table stood in the centre, with a sofa near it, on which lay a woman of exquisite beauty. The dazzled and bewildered cotter remembered all she had ever heard of water-kelpies or mermaids;† and doubted not that she beheld either Nic Nevin herself, or the elf of Colonsay.‡ The Beauty wore round her neck a row of fine coral, which confirmed her first surmise, and Tam Len, who stood by her side, prevented all others, by commanding her to use her skill in curing the sick lady. Mause was confound-

* A matron’s cap or hood, worn in Scotland.

† She might have remembered the Nun of Dryberg, who dwelt fifty years in an unseen retreat.

‡ The tales preserved in the Advocate’s Library, dated 1680. A kid’s foot and a left shoe might have been useful on this occasion.

ed at this application to her aid, but soon perceived its necessity. This beautiful inhabitant of a palace, which she supposed beneath the lake, had not long been a mother, and the ravages of mortal agony were evident. "Secrecy, speed and obedience, are the price of your life!" said her strange guide, and the injunction was scarcely needful to enforce the terrors which superstition and amazement had created. She had been brought there, as it seemed, by means more than human; and the power of these beings might be unbounded in some points, though in others they depended on human aid. But that aid was vain, though Mause had more than ordinary science. The unknown lady cast looks of anguish on her new attendant, and her mysterious companion; raised herself often as if to speak, and as often sunk again without power, till a sudden and quick shiver ended her existence.

The Carline looked at the ghastly remains with stupid surprise, as if she still questioned the mortal nature of her patient; and when the seeming master of the mansion commanded her in a stern and hollow voice to prepare the body for its grave-clothes, her terror became unspeakable. She was now left alone with it; and though she well knew all the ceremonies of a lyke-wake, Mause could not guess how far they were appropriate to one whose christianity she doubted deeply. And a woman thus circumstanced, even in a bolder age, might have been pardoned, if, like Mause, she had paused to guard herself first from evil by tasting the full bowl of wine on the table. Then approaching the dead lady, she carefully untied the knots in her hair, supposing them, as usual, a token of witchcraft, and had it been in her power, would have opened the door to give the departed spirit a free passage home. Finding it firmly closed, she seated herself in increased terror at the foot of the couch; and, as she sang the simple rhyme taught by Scotch custom, her fascinated eyes dwelt on the corpse till it seemed to frown. Twice or thrice a deadly moan, from some unseen person, mingled with her own chant; and once a human voice, not far distant, repeated, in a melancholy accent, "Binnorie—O Binnorie!"* These words are connected in a northern peasant's ear with very doleful ideas; and Mause had not courage to move again, except to reach the goblet of wine, near which she had wisely taken her seat. The voices in her ears,

* The burden of a song sung in tradition by a deceived fair one.

and the spectacle before her eyes, sank all into the misty confusion of a deep sleep, from whence she awoke to find herself quietly deposited in her own hovel.

The dryness of her present apparel proved she had not been brought under water as before, and its texture also proved her adventure had been no dream. She still wore the petticoat of scarlet cloth and embroidered bodice which had been given to her by Tam Len last night in exchange for her wet garments, now rolled in a bundle beside her. She viewed herself in them with strange admiration, which the screams of her half-famished changeling interrupted; and other sounds, still more disturbing, claimed her attention. These sounds were the heavy footsteps and rough song of a man in a pedlar's attire, half leaping and half wading towards the hollow square of rocks which her hovel filled. "Good be wi' ye're door-stane, lucky!" said he, as he crossed it without waiting for the ceremony of an invitation, and before she had time to do more than attempt to hide her rich raiment by wrapping herself in her blue cloak. The chapman sat down beside the three cross wands, which supported her kail-pot over a few dead embers, and asked for a good-will cup. Such visits and demands from wandering chapmen were common then, as they still remain; but this man's countenance indicated no common temper. His large loose coat hung to his heels without defining his shape; his hair was coarse and singularly matted over eyes, whose black diamond brightness agreed ill with its murky yellow. Pistols were hid under his pack, and an air of command shewed itself more forcibly by contrast with his grotesque apparel. He turned his prying eyes round the Carline's hut with fierce greediness, till they rested on the infant in her lap; and having drank to her "roof-tree," he added, "Where gat ye that water-lily, lucky? It's no like the gay goss hawk ye gat fra' Dougal Caird."* Mause trembled at that name. Dougal Caird was at that period one of the boldest, handsomest, and most dexterous of the gipsy tribe in Scotland, and practised the various trades of tinker, fortune-teller, and freebooter, to the terror of all sober men and solitary women. She answered, with the courtesy naturally suggested by her fears that he stood in her presence, and professed she

* A vagabond pedlar or tinker. [See Walter Scott's ballad of "Donald Caird," *Ath.* vol. 3, p. 199.]

had never seen the canty callan. Dougal, as she supposed her visitor to be, relaxed his grim, yet youthful, features into a kind of smile, and settled himself more familiarly by the ingle. He offered her sundry baubles from his pack, shrewdly glancing at her holiday attire, and told merry tales of village scandal. Mause thought anxiously on her pitcher of gold, and cast a meaning glance at her door-stone; but the sky darkened suddenly, and the wind rose and torrents of rain descended. The Caird seemed to repose on her hospitality; and stirring up the blazing peat, began that plaintive ditty, called Lord Maxwell's Good-night. He sang the last verse twice, with a sad and earnest expression; and, pausing as if he waited for an echo, repeated the burthen of his song distinctly—

“ Adieu, Dumfries, my ain dear place !
Till I come o'er the sea ;
Adieu, my ladie and only joy,
I may not stay with thee.”

The sweet and well-known melody fixed Mause's ear; but between the dismal sighings of the wind, another voice seemed to rise. The waves beat tumultuously against the little pile of rocks now entirely insulated, and the mournful sounds heard among their clamour were like the shrieks of sinking sailors. The Caird ran to the door, and climbing on the highest rock, saw a light floating among the waters. Yet it was not on any mast or eminence, and presently it glided past the edge of the isle, and sunk in the dark waters. Mause saw it distinctly, and even Dougal confessed its semblance to the copse-lights that rise and float where unhappy travellers have perished. The cries had grown fainter till they ceased; and the storm itself began to sleep. It was “mirk midnight,” but Dougal continued to walk on the isle of rocks till morning's light shewed him a human body bound to a plank of oak stuck upright in a creek, which the swell of the current had covered more than ten feet deep. The swell had now subsided—Mause sprang across, and beheld the body of Thomline, dead and bleaching in the wind. At this spectacle, easily explained by the shattered boat which lay among the hollows, the Carline remembered his shrieks for succour, probably while he lashed himself to the last plank, and she wrung her hands with bitter moanings over her benefactor. The Caird listened eagerly to her confused tale of the dead lady and the house be-

neath the lake, which her loquacious agitation could not conceal : but insisted on endeavouring to trace them. It was in vain she reminded him of water-kelpies, of a Bishop of Galloway, whose body was half-changed to glass by their enchantments, and of a Dumfries-shire gentleman carried off on one of their white nags. The adventurous gipsy held her arm with a firm hand, and his pistols in the other, till he walked round all the windings and creeks of the Glen. No inlet betrayed a human habitation, but a peculiar agitation of the waters discovered, what is called, a deep "pot of the linn." The receding current left the edges of this cauldron bare ; and Mause, whose curiosity began to struggle with her superstitions, pointed out an opening to which it might be necessary sometimes to dive under the shallow water. She hesitated to accompany him farther, and he paused himself, till a touching sight determined them. A child sat under the narrow arch feeding a starling, which cried in a shrill tone, "Binnorie—O Binnorie !" This unfortunate boy had been already two days alone, waiting for him who would return no more, and had shared his last morsel with his favourite bird. No doubt remained. The adventurers entered, and climbed the ascent hewn in this cavern, till it brought them to a higher chamber, now lighted only by a crevice in the side, which shewed the rich incrustations of spar and stalactite on its roof. The table remained, and the lonely sofa covered with white linen. Mause's unknown companion raised it slowly, and saw the young and beautiful Countess of Cassilis, whose elopement from a fond husband with a gipsy youth had been long ascribed to witchcraft. It was the Earl himself who now looked upon her. Hoping to redeem his only son, he had come disguised to this glen, guided by the track of the gipsy gang with whom he suspected Mause of confederacy. But Tam Len, the real Dougal Caird, only profited by the aged Carline's superstition to supply his unsuspected retreat with milk and vegetables, and conceal his visits even from his tribe. Lord Cassilis gave generous pity to the fate of his unhappy wife as he removed her from the solitary chamber in the gipsy's cave to the grave he dug for her himself near Mause's cabin. Nor did the good Carline forget to cover it with the gilliflowers and bush of woodbine due to those who die in travail. The heir of Cassilis went home with the father from whom he had been stolen ; and his half-sister, born in guilt and misery, remained under the care

of Mause, whose recompense was the pitcher of broad gold pieces, one of which, when it was spent at the tryst, first led to these discoveries. The gold mine of Dunduffie is now only the burial place of Dougal Caird and Lady Cassilis, still visible perhaps in the Glen of Green Spirits.

“Let us now talk of the superstitions of other countries,” said the Provost, “and see whether their follies have the merit of variety.”

The kirk-minister shook his head, and courteously took the privilege of his age and station to offer his narrative first.

THE PARIAH OF BOMBAY.

TOWARDS the brilliant hour of sunset, in a spring evening, one of the noblest Brahmins in this island appeared on a parapet of rocks extending into the bay, and began the ceremonies of the cocoa-nut feast by throwing a gilded shell into the sea.* In a few moments the waves swarmed with more than a thousand shells launched as tributes to the bountiful element, while the shore resounded with the joyous clamours of tom-toms, pipes, trumpets, and the double flutes played by rough boys, resembling the young satyrs in antique bas-reliefs. Booths, gaily festooned with dyed cotton or splendid chintzes, and heaped with toys and sweetmeats, gave amusement to groups composed of every nation, class, and cast, in their best attire. But even the Brahmin who presided at this harmless superstition was not more disposed to good humour than Ibrahim Ahmed, a Dustoor or high-priest of the sect called Guebres or Parsees, in India. He was still in the prime of life; his eminently graceful figure derived every possible advantage from the folds of his long white muslin Jamma, and the gay colours of the shawl which twined round his cap of crimson velvet, suited the laughing character of his face, while they contrasted the clear olive of its complexion. Accustomed to the festivities of the best Europeans in Bombay, and to the frank amenity of their opinions,

* Both the sun and the sea are worshipped by these idolaters. Their burial-place is a square open repository.

he looked with more curiosity than contempt on the pageant of Hindoo bigotry. While tame snakes, and jugglers from Madras, amused his companions, his eyes were attracted by a female Pariah, one of the most reprobated class of outcasts. She held in her hand a lamp of fireflies, and was wading into the tide in quest of the cocoa-shells that swam near the shore; hoping, perhaps, to collect a few whose fibres might be used for cordage. Though her person was bowed by the constant drudgery of her unhappy class, and defiled by squalid habits, there was something in the arrangement of the shalie* contrived to answer the purpose of a petticoat and mantle, which revealed modesty and natural grace. And when she threw back the corner of this shalie, whose ragged ends had been gathered over her head as a veil, the beautiful black eyes beneath it made the Dustoor Ibrahim half regret the dignity of his own station. He thought with more than usual bitterness, of the superstition that consigns the Pariah to utter ignominy, and perhaps these thoughts occupied him so long that he forgot the *Atshbaharam*, or holy fire, which he ought to have kept alive. Those who recollect the objects of a Guebre's superstition, know that a fire temple contains two fires, one of which the vulgar may behold, but the other is preserved in the most holy recess, unvisited by the light of the sun, and approached only by the chief Dustoor, or high-priest. It was necessary to remedy its extinction by fire brought from a funeral pile, and at this period Ibrahim knew not where to seek one, as his sect no longer burned their dead, holding it more advisable to return the body to *air*, by exposing it, than to earth, water, or fire. But, as the Hindoos of Bombay burned human relics on the shore at low water, he folded himself in his shawl, and went forth to seek the material from whence he might lawfully rekindle the consecrated fire so precious to a Guebre.

It was midnight when Ibrahim began his walk towards a cemetery on the shore, seldom visited at this hour except by wild dogs; but the superstition of his sect had made these animals holy in his imagination, and he saw them with the feelings of friendliness, excited by his belief, that a dog would preserve his soul from evil

* The Shalie, among the common class of native females, is a long piece of coloured silk or cotton wrapped round the waist, leaving half one leg bare.

spirits if present when he closed his eyes for ever. Ibrahim never started till he saw a skeleton-hand stretched to snatch one of the baskets of provisions which had been scattered as usual, by his orders,* for the wandering dogs. Presently, from beneath the coconut tree which overshadowed the entrance of the cemetery, he saw a meagre woman creep towards a little mound of leaves, on which a child was lying. She offered some of the boiled rice she had found in the basket to its lips, but they could not open. The miserable mother held it to her breast an instant, and dropped it on the earth again, as if then conscious of its death. She heard the howlings of the famished dogs, and throwing them the rest of the food, more anxious to preserve her infant's remains than herself, the Pariah laid a few of the freshest leaves together, and seemed preparing a grave among the urns and obelisks that adorn the burying-place, when she saw Ibrahim standing near her. Aware how horribly the profanation of such holy ground might be avenged on a wretched outcast, she fled with a dismal shriek among the entangled cocoa-trees, and the good Guebre took up the body, determined to give it the most sacred funeral rites in consecrated fire. Covered in his robe, he brought his prize to the chamber of his priestly office, and looking on it more steadfastly, perceived that it still lived. He had, according to the custom of his sect, only one wife, and she was childless. This infant boy justified the eastern proverb, which compares what is most lovely, to the loveliness of a child. An eastern poet would have compared its beauty as it lay in seeming death, to the Indian Cupid slain by Seeva. Ibrahim was skilled in medicinal science, and the weakness caused by famine was soon remedied. His wife consented to adopt the foundling, whose shape and features gave no indication of that coarseness usually found in the offspring of Pariahs; and the foster-father was careful to conceal whatever might raise a suspicion of its abhorred origin. His mansion was one of the most splendid in Bombay, and its gardens were now made delightful to him by the gambols of his new favourite. These gardens were watered, as is customary in the East, by means of a cistern, whose wheel was kept in constant motion by a buffalo. Ibrahim

* Perhaps this veneration for dogs, is peculiar to Indian Guebres, because they have a tradition of their escape from shipwreck, caused by the barking of dogs, when they emigrated to India.

walked one day under his canopy of plantain trees, wreathed with yellow roses, and inhabited by crowds of singing-birds, and admired the freshness of his shrubs, till he perceived the cistern which supplied them was worked, not by a beast of burden, but by a female Pariah. The human particles, even in the Guebre's heart, was touched by this cruel spectacle ; but his disgust was changed to surprise, when he heard that she had solicited the employment. He directed his superior servants to remove her to a detached apartment of his mansion, where several of her cast were busied in grinding rice, and performing the lower culinary offices. Chandela, as she was called, distinguished herself by the neatness of her labours ; and it was soon remarked, that the rice-cakes she prepared for Ibrahim's adopted son, were her favourite tasks. The boy loved honey, and as no hives were near, his foster-father was surprised to see his breakfast-table regularly furnished with a small quantity. The poor outcast had traced a bee, and lodged its nest among the moonflowers in his delicious garden to supply an addition to his luxuries. She brought the delicate winged creature which most resembles the humming bird, to build its house on the fan-leaf of the palmyra-tree for his adopted son's amusement, and spent hours in chasing away the tree snake and cobra-manilla from among the jasmine and scarlet mulberries, where he loved to play. Ibrahim was a learned and sincere Guebre, but he knew very little of human nature. He believed the fixed and deep contempt which his religion taught him for an outcast, was too strong to need defence ; and had never guessed that men always begin to love whatever beautifies and enriches their felicity. As a Parsee, he was privileged to take another wife, having no hope of progeny by the first : but the infamy attached to a Pariah, the utter ruin of his adopted son, if his origin should be discovered, and his own high station, determined him either to resist or banish the tempter. He made a thousand wise resolutions, and kept them all till he heard Chandela's voice again. Ibrahim's wife, married in her seventh year, and deprived of any motive to improve, was as indolently insipid as the ladies of a Bombay harem are usually found. Plaiting coloured threads, embroidering, making pastry, and chewing betel, had composed the history of her whole life, except when she awakened herself sufficiently to paint her eye-brows, and load the hems of her ears with jewels. When the roots of her hair, the palms of her hands, the soles of her

feet, and the tips of her nails were tinged with red, and her nose had its appropriate jewel, she was considered a Parsee-beauty of the first class, and by none more undoubtingly than herself. Therefore she looked with very contemptuous eyes on Chandela; but in the dullness of a life, which like Mahomet's angels was composed only of sweetmeats, it was really some amusement to be jealous. Little Ahmed, as the adopted boy was called, had so much love for the poor Pariah, that no rebuke could prevent him from stealing among the remote shrubberies, or into the hut where she ground rice, to teach her all he learnt from the hand-maids of the harem. She was soon able to play on his guitar, to thread beads, and above all to read the beautiful maxims ascribed to Chee, the Confucius of the Parsees. Ibrahim's wife saw her new talents with affected pleasure, and asked her to sing for her amusement. Chandela complied with a voice of such sweetness, that she might have been mistaken for one of the female deities of music worshipped in the East, and was recompensed by a present of flowers and *paung*. The latter, consisting of chunam and beilnut, wrapped in a leaf of an aromatic plant, is a compliment implying distinguished kindness, and cannot be refused without the highest affront. Chandela placed it on her forehead, and had opened her lips to receive its contents, when the playful boy snatched and attempted to taste them. The outcast mother uttered a scream of terror, and seizing the poisoned gift from her son's hand, swallowed the whole.

Ibrahim saw and understood this touching scene. He had read the purpose of his wife's malignant jealousy in her large stag eyes; and well aware that the sweatmeat she had poisoned had been exchanged by his own hand for a harmless mixture of ghee, poppyseeds, and sugar, left his house immediately to execute his own project. In the nearest bazaar lived a barber, whose gup or news shop was famous for good story-tellers and audacious buffoons. At that hour of night which brings the greatest troop of listeners to such shops, a new assistant appeared in this noted barber's, and the first customer who presented his head to be shaven was a plump merchant of great weight in the Penchant or village council of the Parsees. The new operator bowed with profound reverence three times, and made a long pause before he began his functions with a gravity so strange as to provoke a question. "Sir," said the buffoon-barber, "I was thinking of Creeshna's

cream-pot and butter-ball ;* and also I am trying to recollect how many ton may pass through the cleft of the penitent's rock." "Thou art a lean man," returned the merchant rather angrily, "but if thou wert measured by the weight of thy sins, I reckon nothing less than Jagger-naut's bridge would let thee pass." "Truly," said the barber sighing, "my neighbour, the rich merchant, Ibrahim, is no fatter than I, yet he has marvellous need of a wide hole to creep through, if his sins are to be counted by inches and packed round him." The honest merchant opened his eyes and ears with the avarice of curiosity at this hint, and sat with his new-shaven head bare more than an hour, while the barber arrived, after a prodigious preamble, at the best part of his story. "If your worshipful excellence will promise not to call me as a witness before the Parsee council, you shall hear a most strange secret. Ibrahim has corrupted his conscience with running among the English rajahs, who wear scarlet bajeos and black fans; and making mockery of our Brahmins, has taken a Pariah into his garden-house to be his second wife." The president of the Parsee council uplifted his eyes, and a tailor dropped the scissors he was exercising with his toes, to attend more precisely. "Not content with this," continued the barber, "which we Hindoos should think deserving a thousand bastinadoes, he has taken his first poor wife by force from her muslin-chamber, and compelled her to wear the old garments of the Pariah, to draw water and carry pitchers, while the outcast wears pearls on her forehead, dips her hair in rose water, and calls herself Ibrahim's first wife." "Friend," said the merchant, "when your prophet Veeshnu churned the sea, he brought forth seven things: a sun, a moon, an elephant, a physician, a horse, a cup of good liquor, and a woman; and in my secret opinion, two of these might have been spared." "Not the elephant," returned the barber, with imposing gravity, "for he resembles a most honourable gentleman; but there is no need of a physician with a cup of good wine; and the woman and the moon together are enough to make any man mad." The large counsellor smiled with exquisite complacency, and departed to tell all he had heard of his neighbour.

Before the next eve, as he expected, Ibrahim was summoned

* A large cistern and round fragment of rock are celebrated by these names at Mahaballipooram, near Arjoon. In Bombay there is a cloven rock through which penitents of all sizes endeavour to pass as a purgatory.

by the council of his sect to answer for his offences, and surprised them by making no defence. As Chief Dustoor of the Parsees, no heavy penance was required of him, except a fine of six thousand rupees, especially as he consented to reëstablish justice in his household. Proper messengers accompanied him home to enforce it;* and his wife, notwithstanding her shrieks and resistance, was compelled to assume the garments of a Pariah. It was in vain she reproached him with his infidelities and treasons; the good Parsees assured her the whole truth of her real station was now confessed by Ibrahim himself; and Chandela's meek amazement when desired to put on her rival's rich attire, was ascribed to the stupifying effects of some malignant drug. The poisoned betel nut which had been prepared for her, and which was found, by Ibrahim's contrivance, in his jealous lady's chamber, seemed to confirm this supposition; and the influence of magic is still so firmly believed by modern Parsees, that no one would have doubted even the transfer of shapes and features. At least, none presumed to contradict the High Dustoor; and he had the pleasure of elevating the Pariah to his side, while his angry and revengeful wife suffered due punishment in the drudgery and degradation of an outcast. But she suffered them only a few days; her kinsmen lived in the island of Ceylon, and she fled in the night, as it was supposed, to seek their protection.

This lady's flight, as Ibrahim had sufficient sense to seek no second addition to his harem, placed him in perfect peace with his new wife. She was, indeed, one of those gentle creatures to whom the Hindoo scripture has assigned the first place in Heaven; and her husband's affections remained constant to her without aid from the emerald, the ruby, or any of the amulets to which the poetic superstition of India have given power. Their adopted boy grew in loveliness; and at his eighth year was betrothed, according to the custom of the Parsees, to a little bride some months younger. This festival, always sumptuous in Bombay, was celebrated with the pomp proportioned to Ibrahim's wealth and rank. The palanquin of these young sacrifices to the deity of marriage, shone with gold brocade and wreaths of jewels, as it passed through streets carpeted and canopied with embroidered

* The Guebres make no scruple at admitting men into the apartments of their women, who enjoy more liberty than other sects, though very little more education.

cloth, towards gardens whose superb trees resembled pyramids of light. But though the sagest astrologers had been consulted, and the happiest aspect of the stars observed, a fatal interruption awaited them. At the entrance of a bazaar, richly illuminated by Ibrahim's order, where crowds of all ranks were feasted with sherbet and confectionary, among booths filled with musicians and tumblers, a squalid woman suddenly sprung into the street, exclaiming—"My son!—give me my son!"—the procession stopped in consternation, more caused by the pollution of an outcast's touch, than by her incredible claim; and Ibrahim, startled by the shrill tones of a voice he remembered too well, perceived his discarded wife in the dress of a Pariah. He instantly conceived the extent of her revengeful purpose, but it was too late to defeat her. Availing herself of his own stratagem, Bomanjee uttered dismal lamentations, and tearing asunder the rich curtains behind which the boy sat loaded with chains of pearl, attempted to grasp him in her arms. The father of the infant bride, thunder-struck at this base blot on the bridegroom's origin, demanded a pause in the nuptial rites, till the truth could be made manifest. Seeing Ibrahim pale, trembling, and unable to answer, he snatched his adopted son from the palanquin, and advanced to throw him into the embrace of his pretended mother, when Chandela, leaping from her husband's, caught her son from his arms, repeating, "I am the outcast—he is mine."

Notwithstanding the horror of the Hindoos at that execrated name, the spectators were silenced by the sacred agony of a mother, and by their eager curiosity to see the rival claims decided. Ibrahim, entangled in his own devices, could not recant what he had confessed to his brother counsellors; he could not deny that he had called Bomanjee an outcast, and that young Ahmed was a stranger's son. All that seemed doubtful now was, to which of these unhappy women the disputed boy should be assigned; and the noblest Parsees agreed it should be left to his decision. Bomanjee's eyes glared with malignant joy; for in the days of her splendour she had often loaded him with fruits and garlands of flowers; but he had not forgotten the patient cares, the secret caresses, and constant love of his true mother, as he sprang into her arms. She hid her face on his; and dropping the rich mantle she had worn as Ibrahim's wife, stole one sorrowful glance at her husband, and departed among the darkest trees. No one pre-

sumed to arrest or follow her steps. A kind of surprise, such as results from some unexpected gleam of brilliant light, had been excited even among the most vulgar, by the nobleness of this unhappy mother. Ibrahim, though he felt that she had willingly sacrificed splendour and honour to save her son, also felt that she had sacrificed him; and had proved her affection as a wife, inferior to her fondness as a parent; and his consternation was not unmingled with resentment. But while he paused, the kindred of his revengeful Bomanjee completed the measures they had prepared for his misery. Instigated by their eloquence and their bribes, the most zealous Brahmins had placed themselves in readiness to seize their victim. Abandoned to their ferocious power by all the creeds and all the customs of the Hindoos, the miserable outcast was brought back to suffer the ordeal by which their superstition pretends to discover those who are really Pariahs or outcasts from the gods. Conscious of his own indiscreet duplicity, fearful of the disgrace which vehement interference might draw on his own head, and unnerved by the habitual indolence of a selfish life, Ibrahim satisfied himself with silent regret, while the Brahmins conveyed their victim to Carli, intending to exhibit her fate as a terrible evidence of their power, and an atoning sacrifice to their goddess Kali.* Ibrahim heard Kali named with a frightful and remorseful consciousness of the death designed for Chandela and her son. The languor of his temperament, which, like his personal beauty, possessed more elasticity than strength, gave way to human passions; and he embarked secretly in his boat at midnight to overtake the Brahmins in their journey to their temple. He reached it safely a few hours after their arrival, and pitched his tent at the foot of its tremendous seat. With no attendants, he ascended the piles of rocks sheltered by wild groves of mango trees on the road to Carli. All was dark when he reached the mouth of its giant cave, and hid himself among the arched niches which form its portico. The spectacle would have awed a stronger spirit. Hewn in the solid rock, three aisles formed by twenty-one enormous pillars supported a coved roof resting on ribs of teak-wood undecayed by six hundred years. A few torches gleaming

* This tremendous deity (the wife of Seeva) receives many victims still, between the shores of Calcutta and the isle of Sangor, where her ruined temple stands. Her votaries are deemed happy if seized by the sharks which wait around it.

in the corridors, shewed him the gloomy extent of this mountain-temple, in which no image of any deity interrupted its magnificent simplicity. The shadow of a single priest emerging from his cell behind the pillars, seemed to represent the littleness of man in the chambers of his Creator; but Ibrahim thought only of his purpose, and questioned the stranger, in a faltering voice, concerning Chandela and her son. The priest replied—"We are *Jines*, and this cavern is dedicated to a purer and more ancient religion than the Brahmins. We believe our God all-wise, all-seeing, all-productive, and all-happy—without name, without shape, without tribe, love, or weakness. The man who can attain these perfections will soon behold God; is already in his presence, and will be united to him. Thy Chandela would have nothing to fear from us. We believe the world eternal, therefore we hold it sinful to attempt destruction; we believe all things governed by necessity, therefore we blame nothing but adultery and theft, which never can be needful. Go in peace." He offered Ibrahim food, but of a very simple kind, for their creed excludes animal meats, milk, and honey: informing him that the Hindoo priests had probably named the cave of Carli to mislead his search, while they performed their melancholy rites on the shore. Dreading to find them completed, Ibrahim descended into a deep and dismal valley, opening by a narrow pass into the sea, which encompassed a small island near its mouth, as low and dark as the abhorred isle of Sangor, famous for human sacrifices. Two Brahmins answered his enquiries by intelligence that they had already disposed of Chandela according to her doom; but the next hour would decide whether her son should belong to them, or to the miserable *caste* of his mother. Breathless and aghast with fear of this decision, Ibrahim stood among the crowd, while the votaries of Hindoo superstition approached in garlands of flowers and scarlet robes, bringing in a magnificent litter the unfortunate boy designed for an offering to Kali. Beautiful and rosy in the sleep procured by opium, they placed him in the centre of the road, strewing cusa-grass, oil and milk, upon his garments. Citarrs and trumpets mingled with the heavy sound of a triumphal car containing the idol Kali, represented by a gorgeous mass of ebony, studded with rubies, drawn by an elephant of rare beauty. Certain that the infant's death would be decided if the wheels of this vehicle pursued their way, Ibrahim saw only one desperate expedient in his

power to save it. He had seen this elephant in Ceylon when driven by its hunters into the trap prepared for it, and had given it liberty by drawing out the stakes which prevented its escape.* Trusting to the grateful sagacity of this noble animal, he threw himself, with his face upward, before the sleeping boy in the road of the idol's chariot, an action which the Brahmins saw without displeasure or surprise, as believers expect honour on earth and immortality in heaven from its touch. Not a breath was heard among the spectators, and the music sunk into the softest sound of the flutes used to charm the rock-serpent and cobra-capella, lest it should disturb the sleeper; but when the wheels had rolled within a foot pace, the elephant suddenly paused, fixed his mild eyes on his former benefactor, and raising the nearest wheel with his trunk, passed him and his slumbering boy in safety. A long and deep cry escaped the crowd, the lamps were suddenly extinguished, and Ibrahim felt himself raised from the earth, muffled in his shawl, and conveyed away in a kind of litter. He began to fear that his rashness had only changed the child's fate and his own into a more lingering misery, as the Brahmins profess to believe that those whom their divinity passes without a touch, are reprobated for ever. Many hours and many changes in his conveyance passed before the veil was taken from his eyes. They beheld a stupendous chamber resting on columns of rock illuminated by a thousand lamps. The flat roof, the turbaned capitals of the pillars, and the three-formed god, whose face sparkled with jewels amongst a crowd of inferior images, informed him that he stood in the cavern temple of Elephanta; and the linen scarfs and zenaars† worn by those who surrounded him, announced the highest order of Brahma's priests. One of superior stature and aspect held the hand of a woman covered with a silver veil, and addressed Ibrahim in these words—

* A modern traveller says, the elephant-kraal, or trap, resembles a funnel, several hundred feet in length, and divided into three chambers, the last and smallest of which is guarded by strong posts or stakes driven into the ground, and men holding bundles of lighted straw. Two tame elephants are usually employed to lead the captive out, oppressing him with all their weight, and sometimes beating him with their trunks, while his groans and resistance express his indignation.

† The zenaar, or Brahminical thread, is composed of three cotton threads, each forty-eight yards long, twisted together, folded, and thrown over the left shoulder.

“No part of nature displays its creative power to every eye, nor do we expose the vital principle of our religion to the vulgar. We reserve it for those who merit our care, and are capable of receiving its fruits. Thyself and this woman Chandela are among the chosen number:—she was once a portion of the vilest class, but thy bounty has made her worthy to convert thee, as the clay that has become fragrant by dwelling near the rose, may form a vase to preserve it. Why should a being, capable of such glorious self-sacrifice, bow to the deity of one element, when he might behold the author and governor of all? He who is moisture in the water, light in the sun and moon, breath in the winds, and the invisible soul of all men!—such is the divinity we worship—such the principle of a religion which the perverse ignorance of the multitude compels us to dress in awful and fantastic mysteries. Receive this woman as thy wife, and her son shall be as thine own. We devote them to our God in winning thee from thy darkness, and our offerings to his altar are generous and faithful hearts.”

* * * * *

The smile which our pastor's romance might have excited, was suppressed by the benevolent enthusiasm of the narrator. After a complimentary debate between the professors of navigation and jurisprudence, precedence was awarded to the latter, and the young clerk was our next historian.

THE SPECTRE HARPER.

THOSE who possess records of French jurisprudence as it was in the beginning of the eighteenth century, know how much the power of magic, charms, and sorcerers, perplexed the doctors of the Sorbonne, even at that period. St. André tells us gravely, in his disquisition, printed at Paris, 1724, of the antics performed by one James Noel, of Haye-du-Puis, in Normandy, about the year 1669, in company with a certain tall black man, “having horns on his head, sparkling eyes, a switch in one hand, and a lighted candle of pitch in the other.” Thus equipped, this venerable

master of the ceremonies held balls *al fresco* in the woods by moonlight, notwithstanding Judge Boguet, the Parliament of Rouen, and all the troopers that could be mustered. The great Prince of Condé himself visited a witch: and one of the fairest ladies of Louis the Fourteenth's court was suspected of keeping a familiar imp, because she allowed her dog to sit at table with her. Let us not be surprised, therefore, if witchcraft had its believers only a few years ago in the remoter parts of this island, and if there are still some persons who exercise that magic which, as an eminent Frenchwoman once said when tried for sorcery, is the power of great minds over less.

There is in the county of Cardigan, South Wales, a parish called Llanbadarn Fawr, of great note among antiquaries. Llan, when added to the name of a saint, implies a place of worship, and the Padarn, or patron-saint, of this parish wore a gigantic coat of mail, which may be still seen in the catalogue of princely rarities kept at Caerlyon. Within the last thirty years the country resembled an open field, on which any man might keep what number of sheep he pleased; and wild horses and wild cattle ran out all the winter in common. The people, simple, hardy and active, retained some customs very friendly to early marriages and good neighbourhood. According to one of these customs, the bailiff of the little manor of Rhydonnen came at the dawn of Easter Monday to an ancient chapel, where the young women and old champions had been seated all night, to see fair play among the wrestlers assembled there by long established privilege. There, having rung his bell three times, the bailiff announced, in a loud voice, the intended marriage of David Gwynne and Lillian Morrison the following Saturday. Much elevation of noses and expansion of mouths happened among the swains and spinsters; and after the usual debate on the betrothed parties' choice, the unmarried part of the assembly adjourned, as such occasions required, to the nearest inn's parlour, where a blank book was opened for subscriptions. An ancient and bountiful Welch custom directs that the friends and neighbours of persons approaching the holy state shall furnish their tenement with the most useful articles of furniture and of bridal festivity; each giver placing his name or mark opposite the name of his gift, in a book already mentioned, which is duly kept by the wedded pair, that an article of the same kind, or equal value, may be given at his or her marriage. The bene-

fits of this reciprocal benevolence need no comment, and the honest group collected at the sign of St. Gurig on the day which begins my story seemed well disposed to exemplify it. But as David Gwynne had a farm of £10 per annum, which fed two hundred sheep, and Lillian's father was supposed to possess a rich mine of lead ore in his own right, the gifts on this occasion were rather tokens of good will and intended revelry than mere household equipage. Not a maiden or youth was present whose emulation or friendship did not induce him or her to subscribe the book, except one, who stood mournfully and in silence among the crowd. This idle spectator was the betrothed bride's cousin, Idwal ap Morris, a youth about her own age, and much resembling her in beauty, though his intellects were far inferior, and had been impaired, it was thought, by too long and disappointed dotage on his uncle's daughter. As he had some money, and might inherit more, the damsels of Llanbadarn wondered at his failure, and saw no great deficiency in his merits. They gathered round him with a mixture of sly malice and curiosity, to ask why he did not subscribe his name to a new tea-kettle and set of china, which were wanted to complete his kinswoman's equipment. The parish-clerk promised to provide him with a doleful elegy to send with it; and the schoolmaster added, laughing, "Let him, as Theocritus saith, offer another calf to love." Idwal heard these taunts without smile or words, but on the eve of the bridal day he was seen on the high road, from Aberdovey to Cardigan, leading a fatted calf with great care and speed. Now Fortune, willing to verify the maxim that weddings and burials are near each other, or being bountifully disposed to gratify the good people of Llanbadarn with both, brought at the same hour a magnificent hearse on that road. The most pompous and solemn part of its office was already done, and it was returning, with only one attendant, through a narrow defile in this mountainous tract, when it encountered the Welch Cymon and his companion. These, being jealous of their importance, insisted on precedence, and the driver of the black vehicle declared it waited for no man's bidding. The dispute was referred to the usual mode of Cambrian arbitration, a wrestling-match, for which the hearse-driver alighted, and Idwal opened its door, prudently intending to deposit his calf within it as a place of safety. But at that instant another hand seized the hearse-door from within, and a skeleton face resembling him who

presides over the vehicle, put itself forth. A spectacle so unexpected and ghastly made Idwal cover his face and exclaim, "Nay, man, I'll not fight Death and his coachman too—in St. Gurig's name, get ye on!" The black caravan disappeared, and Idwal hastened forward with his nuptial offering, taking care to dip it in Ffynon Gurig, or the saints' well, to purify it from sorcery.

A bright May-morning assembled all the assistants of a marriage-ceremony at Llanbadarn. As ancient and peculiar custom dictates, they set forth to the habitation of Lillian's father, carrying the gifts designed to decorate her's, and enrich the wedding-feast in it. Kinsmen and bridemaids came in their best attire, led by Idwal, mounted on one of the low lean horses of Cardigan-shire, dressed in the ragged black cassock he had stolen from the parish-clerk, probably as a kind of mourning, or because it belonged to the best village poet, for, as he said, he came to give his cousin away to David Gwynne, and to perform the part of bard at her marriage. Cambrian ceremony requires that the bride should be carried to church by her nearest relative's horse, after much solicitation in extempore verse. Idwal proffered himself gallantly as brideman, with a wreath of daisies and mistletoe in one hand and a bottle in the other, filled with water from St. Gurig's well, which ensures sovereignty to the wife if she can obtain a draught before her husband. Lillian, looking as meek and pale as the daisies in her coronet, underwent the mimicry of a forcible conveyance on her kinsman's rough palfrey and a long ride to the parish church, followed by a mirthful assemblage on horse and foot, listening to their own jests more than to the music of a harper, to whom the bride, not unmindful of the rites of hospitality, even at the happiest and busiest period of her life, had given a cup of milk and a bed of clean straw when he arrived at Llanbadarn the night before. Lillian grew paler as she entered the church, for the wreath of paper-lilies which indicates the funeral of a bride was still hanging near the altar; and the chief string of the musician's harp broke as he passed the porch;—an omen of the direst import. It was not long unconfirmed—the bridegroom was absent, and could not be found. The confusion of surprise changed very soon among the spectators into hints and suspicions. Those who envied Lillian's beauty remembered that her mother was not a wife, that she had no inheritance, except, perhaps, the frailty of that mother; and both or either of these truths

seemed sufficient to justify her lover's desertion. Many of the high-blooded and rigid old Welchmen swore they saw no wonder in any perfidy committed by a man who could stoop to take up a seared leaf when he might be himself the topmost branch of the tree; for David Gwynne was heir presumptive to Lillian's father, and the sage gossips in the neighbourhood decreed that her mother was justly punished for contriving to ensnare him. All declared no better fortune ought to attend a wedding-day appointed when the bride's father lay on his death-bed; and Lillian, who had set out attended by "smiles, mouth-honour, and troops of friends," returned forlorn and disconsolate, with all the blame usually heaped on the unfortunate. Only two of the bridal procession returned with her to her home, where her miserable mother received her with clamorous and vulgar reproaches, made more bitter by her own consciousness that she had half-caused this calamity. But Idwal, who had never left Lillian's side during her journey, interposed in her favour, not by arguments but by tears, which softened even her mother, whose love for her offspring was in proportion to the fierceness of her uncultivated nature. Perhaps in this moment of cruel disappointment, Maud would have been inclined to offer the rejected bride to her first lover, if the shame and anguish in Lillian's eyes had not silenced her. And though an erring and hard-browed woman, she understood the modest and sorrowful distance observed by Idwal, who possessed, notwithstanding his dim intellects, that pride in pure blood which distinguishes Wales. Night came, while Lillian, her mother, and her kinsman, were still brooding over their affliction together, but without any interchange of thought, when old Nicol Penmawl entered, the only lawyer who found bread in the village. The poor girl would have hidden herself, but he intimated that his visit concerned her; and after a preface which even his hard heart deemed necessary, he explained, that David Gwynne would not fulfil his promise of marriage to Lillian, unless her father signed an absolute and entire deed of gift in his favour. She replied nothing, and wept in agony; while her mother burst into a furious invective against Gwynne's selfishness and treachery; adding, that he well knew how completely she might have shut him from his succession by obtaining a bequest of all to her daughter.

"That is well said, Mistress Maud," said the man of law—"but it behoves a crow to take care of his nest when a hen-sparrow has

crept into it. Old Arthur Morris has great love for you, and my client must know what money is left, and where it is. Let Lillian's father give it all to her, and she may give it to her husband."

This hint was sufficiently intelligible. Maud received it with a churlish sort of smile, and Idwal with a cry of antic joy, as if in his zeal to comfort his disgraced cousin, he had forgotten that such a gift would deprive him of all share in his uncle's wealth, on which he depended for subsistence. They took Lillian, notwithstanding her tears and resistance, into another chamber, where her father lay in the heedless stupor which had hung on him for many years. Maud had been a miser's concubine too long not to know when and how to be a virago. She pointed to her weeping and dishevelled daughter, accused him of barring her marriage by his avarice, and beckoning the lawyer, who had come prepared with a deed of gift in due form, urged him, with shrill and vehement entreaties, to sign it. The infirm old man, whose life and intellects were wasted to their last spark, suddenly raised himself from his mattress, drew aside the long loose hair which poor Lillian had shaken over her face, and seemed endeavouring to recollect her. Then his eyes fixed themselves on her mother, whose harsh features were reddened by the light she held over the parchment she required him to sign. "Woman," said he, laying his hand on it with a quivering and convulsive grasp, "I do give thee all—all ye have come here to ask for. Thou hast shut my gate against my first-born, and driven him from my hearth—so thy own children's children shall have neither gate nor hearth, kindred nor guardians, except among wild kites and ravens. Thou hast been an adder in my house, and the wolf will come into thine." Maud trembled, and drew back; and Arthur, pointing to the meagre attorney, whom he probably mistook, in the disorder of his darkening ideas, for his presumptive heir, added, "David Gwynne, thou hast come into my land to make my child poor—see that thy own be not wanderers, and cast out. Take my land and feed the worms in it." The last contortion of death mingled with the grim smile of vindictive scorn as he spoke, and his eyes stiffened before the sudden flash of ire had faded in them. He expired, and Lillian's mother, after a few hysteric screams, vented her impotent grief and rage on the man of law, who skulked away from the storm, satisfied that his client might now possess the

wealth he coveted without the penalty of marriage. He left the house muttering, "David Gwynne will be well quit of both these shrews. A man must live in fire who keeps a she tiger."

Maud understood this inuendo, and it roused her ready spirit of invention and enterprise to save her daughter and defeat her enemy. The deed engrossed by Penmawl lay still on old Arthur Morris's bed clenched in his hand, which had grasped it in the last pang of existence. Why should not his name be added, since that alone was wanting to give Lillian possession of her father's estate, and to punish her mercenary lover? It was a precious and irrecoverable crisis, which her mother determined not to lose. Suddenly she remembered the vagrant harper who had begged a night's lodging among the straw in her outhouse; and calling him from his slumber, she asked if he could write his name as a witness to a trifling paper. But this man, whose eyes had something awful and preternatural in them, replied sternly, "Thy daughter gave me milk in her prosperity, and I will give her bread in her affliction. When the morning star shines, dig under this straw, and that which is sought shall be found." He departed as he spoke, and Maud, no less superstitious than corrupt, was careful to obey him. She searched secretly, and discovered a small leathern bag containing a paper, on which was distinctly written, "I give all to Lillian ap Morris." It had no witnesses, but the signature resembled old Arthur's, and she determined to assert that it was his hand-writing, as its date was the present day. His death was not announced till a late hour of the following, when the presumptive heir came, as our female Machiavel expected, to claim his inheritance, and was tauntingly shown the paper which consigned it wholly to Lillian.

But the farthest calculations of knavery are soon baffled, as the most cunning animals are short-sighted. Instead of proffering marriage again to his deserted bride, David Gwynne established a protest against the validity of her father's last deed. Maud and Idwal were arrested on suspicion; but Lillian absconded with such speed and secrecy, as to baffle the strict search made for her while a court of justice examined the deed, to which her mother had given all the semblance of forgery by asserting more than the truth. It was one of the thousand cases that perplex and dishonour human judgment. David Gwynne's attorney was, as I have said, the most prosperous one in Llanbadarn, perhaps because one

of the most crafty, yet he could not disprove Maud's assertion that Arthur Morris had survived the moment which he thought his last, and the signature resembled his crooked and confused handwriting. But though Idwal bore his examination with stubborn, and sometimes shrewd, zeal in Lillian's favour, his imperfect intellect betrayed him into hints which discovered the harper's share in the transaction. That imperfect intellect saved him from the fatal consequences of the forgery, when it seemed undeniably proved. Pardon, in consideration of her age, and other circumstances, was granted to Maud, whose sins and struggles for the advancement of her daughter ended in utter ruin. She survived only a few days, and Lillian was seen no more.

But the total disappearance of the harper, who had acted so remarkable a part in this transaction, could not be explained. All the bridal crowd at Llanbadarn had noticed his lean, unearthly aspect, and none knew, or could conjecture, how he came, except the driver of the hearse I have once mentioned, who remembered that a spectre-shape in such attire had travelled some miles in his vehicle, with an air of composure which implied too intimate acquaintance with the dead. This shadowy harper, therefore, was pronounced to be the ghost or spirit of old Arthur Morris, who had visited the church and hovered round his house before his decease, according to the usual privileges of such apparitions. But as signing wills is not among the allowed performances of shadows, this busy phantom spread deep terror among the rustics of this district, and neither the road where it had journeyed, nor the chapel where its music had been heard, were ever entered after twilight. Strange melodies were said to sound in the lonely hollow called Eorphan, or the place of the dead, near the river Rheidiol, and death-lights appeared on its banks; from whence the simple natives concluded that Lillian had taken refuge from shame and penury under its waters. No human resident ventured to settle near them, except a creature so withered and wild in its attire that it could hardly be called female. As this creature seemed old, poor, and desolate, the few who lived in the neighbourhood called her the *Witch of Rheidiol*, or the *Water Sprite*, though she made no pretension to magic power except begging milk or bread, and paying for it with a blessing. Either fear or charity induced the poor cottagers to be liberal in their gifts of food; and dances, no less marvellous than the black ballet-master's in Nor-

mandy, were said to be performed at midnight on the river. But these tales did not prevent a traveller from paying a visit to these unhallowed places, to see the rainbow and arrowy light often visible there at the noon of night. This traveller, whom I shall call Judge Lloyd, because that name was afterwards borne by a man who resembled him in firmness and sagacity, pursued his way between two walls of rock divided by a little stream, which suddenly leaped through a narrow rent and escaped from sight. He forced himself through the chasm, tempted by a light which shone far within a kind of cavern roofed with sloping rocks, and furnished with a porch composed of dwarf sycamores, whose branches were knit into a pleasant treillis. Here he stopped to reconnoitre, hearing a plaintive voice singing a remnant of ancient Cambrian poetry, ascribed to Llydwarch Hen, the Bard of Arthur's court.

"Y ddeilen hon neus cynnired gwynt
Gwae hi o' hi thinged
Hi hen!"

"This leaf, is it not blown about by the wind?
Woe to it for its fate!
Alas, it is old! —————
The hall of Cyndyllan is gloomy this night,
Without a covering, without a fire———
He is dead, and I, alas! am living.
That hearth—will it not be covered with nettles?
Whilst its defender lived
It warmed the hearts of petitioners."

The traveller had heard these words in the best days of his youth, and he sighed at their strange concurrence with some passages of his secret history. As his curiosity was sustained and justified by a benevolent desire to discover the reputed haunts of witchcraft, and as music promises gentleness, he hazarded a step towards the threshold. But a lean, hag-like figure, attired in the ragged remnant of a black silk cassock, brandished a formidable staff across his path. To the Judge's courteous question, this hideous sentinel replied, "*Nid ychwi mo mhabsanti*;" signifying, "Thou art not my patron-saint or confessor;" and added, with something like the fervent wildness of an ancient bard, "If thou comest to wound the sleeping fawn, beware lest the stag trample on thee." The intrepid Judge only answered by uncovering his

face, and looking steadfastly at his opponent, who fell prostrate at his feet, with a cry of terror which brought forth the inhabitants of the hut—Lillian and her child! She instantly recognized the spectre-harper, but till he had embraced her a thousand times, and recalled to her memory almost as many forgotten circumstances, she did not believe or recognize her only brother, the long lost adventurer who had left his father's home in his early youth. Since her deep disgrace, she had lived in this solitude, fed and sheltered by the idiot Idwal, whose fantastic and half-feminine attire gained him the homage paid to witchcraft, and enabled him to preserve their abode from detection. Faithful to that devout affection which seemed the only unchangeable instinct of his wandering mind, and the sole occupation of his life, he had built her hut, begged her bread, and watched her steps as a doe watches her young, when all else had abandoned her to famine and despair. "My father prophecied in his anger," said Lillian, "that my child should have neither gate nor hearth, and be nestled among wild ravens; but it has found bread in their nests, and they are more merciful than the world to a sinner." "You shall return to the world," answered the good Judge, "and find it never denies respect to modest and sincere penitence. No part of the guilt of forgery rests on your head or on Idwal's. The harper's dress was a safe disguise when I came back, unexpected, to a home where I had no friends; but I signed a name which belonged to me, and only gave you by that deed of gift what my father's death, I knew, had entitled me to give. The sentence shall be repealed, the avaricious heir displaced, and the world will laugh to see justice administered by a Spectre Harper."

THE SHIP OF THE DEAD.

IN the dreariest month of a dreary season, the ship *Aurora* sailed towards America from the Baltic, with a small crew, composed of twenty German sailors, one female passenger and a boy, the wife and son of the commander, Eric Hermanwald; a man whose keen and fierce eye was almost the only interpreter of his

wishes to his seamen, who seldom heard him speak except in a strange compound of Saxon and Danish execrations. Gestures, furious grimaces, and blows, were his usual eloquence, even to his wife and child, though this miserable wife seemed sinking under the hardships of a long voyage to a bitter climate. They soon terminated the struggles of a broken heart, and her body was given to the sea, without even a look from her husband or a tear from her darling boy, whose attention was fixed at that instant on a white bird which had fallen, exhausted by a long emigration, on the deck. He sprung to catch it as it lay gasping and fluttering; but a blow aimed at it by one of the crew in wantonness or cruelty, fell on his hand, and crushed it. His father, who had seen the act and the effect, levelled the offender at his feet, exclaiming in the Hanoverian dialect, which he had never been heard to use before—"Dog! the blood which drops from that boy's hand is the richest in thy country." 'More shall follow it,' said the surly Saxon, putting his drawn knife suddenly into his own sleeve. The captain, construing this movement into a threat of assassination, ordered him to be instantly and heavily ironed. No one hesitated to obey, and Sturm was dragged to the yard-arm to receive his punishment; but Hendrig, the commander's son, leaped on his neck, and entreated pardon for the accidental blow he had received. Either the caresses of his child, or the silent submission of the mutineer, relaxed Eric's wrath, and he scornfully bade him thank Hendrig for his life. "I will owe it to you, not to the boy," said Sturm, turning his back—"I keep my accounts with men."

At the third watch of that night, while the vessel was sailing tranquilly, her captain's sleep was broken by a singular noise. He roused himself, and found the door of his cabin barred against him. Eric's frame was as vigorous as his spirit, and seizing his cutlass and his pistols, he hurled the door from its hinges, and had mounted half the ladder with one step, when twenty knives and bludgeons assailed him. His desperate courage forced his way, and thrusting his pistol into the powder-room, he called on the mutineers to see him fire it, at the instant that Sturm's knife entered his back, and he fell dead. Sturm coldly put his foot on the body—and seizing the boy, who ran shrieking to his father, said to his comrades—"We have closed accounts with the man—let me pay the child."

Seven or eight hours devoted to the madness of intoxication, buried nearly half the crew in sleep, while the rest disputed to whom they should give the authority they had usurped. Wasted provision, empty casks, and broken weapons, strewed the deck, when the stupefied ruffians awoke, and found themselves driven far from their track. Cries and commands, which all made and none obeyed, occupied the time that might have retrieved their error. They were urged rapidly forward by a south-east wind into a latitude beyond their chart, while despair, hunger and the remains of delirious intemperance, rendered the crew frantic. Cold and fogs increased their sufferings and dismay, till a few biscuits and a small cask of fresh water were all that remained of their stock. These were soon consumed by two or three of the boldest desperadoes, and quarrels produced by rage and frenzy saved nearly half the crew from the lingering tortures of famine. Those that survived assembled on the fifth day of their undirected course, to debate by what means they should avoid or delay their fate. Sturm presided at this gloomy council, and the first proposition was to throw the orphan-boy into the sea, and draw lots to decide what man should be sacrificed to preserve the rest a little longer. "I have a right to command once, at least," said Sturm, laying his cutlass deliberately before him, and placing the half-starved and terrified child between his knees—"I freed you from your captain, and now, without the mummery of drawing lots, I will free you from this useless boy, and myself of a troublesome life. Give me one of the boats, a biscuit, and this child, and you may see what chance will do for you. I choose to die on land," he added, with a deadly smile, "for this boy's father lies under the sea, and I could not rest there." If any malice or craft lurked against him in the minds of his three companions, his stern and resolute tone, and the assent he gave so readily to their savage selfishness, prevented any opposition. But one of these men, more shrewd or less human than the rest, conceived that a speech in which such singular disregard of life was hinted, must conceal some sinister purpose. Seizing the cutlass, which Sturm had placed unguardedly out of his own grasp, he gave a signal which the confederates obeyed, and rolling Sturm with the dying child into a wide sail cloth, they threw him into the smallest boat, and launched it without oar or sail into the sea. As the current bore it from them, they saw the body of the captain rise breast high

above the water, and follow his murderer erect till both were out of sight.*

Sturm, framed for desperate efforts, and not yet subdued by hunger, soon released his arms and eyes from their covering, and found his little bark speeding towards an object dimly seen through the haze of those northern regions. When the distant object revealed itself more distinctly, Sturm perceived a ship whose bare masts seemed whitened by the frost of this dismal climate. Neither sails nor tackle were discernible, but a few human figures were ranged on the forecastle, stiffening and bleaching in the wind. Whether it moved by the force of the current, or from the steerage of invisible hands, Sturm dared not guess; and perhaps the dizziness of hunger increased the seeming motion of the object he gazed on. He saw, as he believed, the *Ship of Death*, which every seaman of the Baltic and Atlantic expects to behold when his death doom is certain. Suddenly it appeared to remain fixed, and Sturm felt his own boat drawn towards it with such hopeless horror as the Belgian culprit feels when he approaches, step by step, the deadly embrace of his executioner. Sturm's iron heart sunk under this slow and freezing summons to death, and shrouding himself in the sail meant for his winding-sheet, he laid his head on the breast of the sleeping child, as if in a sanctuary, and closed his eyes. A violent concussion broke his trance, and the last instinct of nature enabled him to grasp firmly the substance on which he was thrown. It was ice, but the strong agony of struggling life gave his hands sufficient power; and a few moments restored his intellect enough to direct him into a hollow or cove made by fragments of a broken glacier. There lay a human skeleton white and almost crystallized; but beside it was a shape which, notwithstanding its crust of congealed snow, resembled a seaman's bottle. Sturm broke it eagerly, and in the centre of a mass of ice, found about a cupfull of such potent spirits as recalled almost all the vigour and warmth of his heart. The child, muffled in the same sail-cloth which wrapped him, had shared his escape, and was soon made to partake the cordial he had found. His boat lay shattered into splinters among the spikes of ice which had entangled it; and Sturm, ascending one, perceived that the

* This circumstance often occurs when a drowned body has reached a state of putrefaction.

ice-island he now trod on resembled the ribs and deck of a stately ship. A few columns of fantastic ice stood at unequal distances, in postures strangely resembling statues of shrouded men. Sturm trembled as he looked, and his bewildered imagination gave to one of them the features and form of him he had murdered. He sank on his knees, and remembering the awful office assigned by superstition to the Ship of Death, conceived himself selected to endure the weight of retributive justice. Fear, exhaustion, and the fumes of spirit too powerful for his weakened frame, produced the torpor which most resembles death, and oftenest precedes it in the midst of ice. He slept till awakened by a torch and the touch of an old man wrapped in a fur cloak, with a gigantic Newfoundland dog by his side.

"Are there not two of you here?" said the old man, raising his lighted pine-branch, and looking round. Sturm replied by feebly raising the sail-cloth, and pointing to the boy, whose warmth, as he lay nestled in his breast, had probably preserved his life. "That is well," rejoined the stranger—"two nights ago, I dreamed that five living creatures were in this Ship of the Dead—next night, I saw but four; and this hour, my sleep shewed me only two. Therefore I came, for to-morrow would have been too late." The Saxon's blood ran still colder, while this aged seer and his sons placed him in a cot made of bear-skins, and carried him as in a hammock towards a recess, where, stiffened in death on each side of a burning fir-trunk, he saw two of his comrades in postures such as our poet has imagined for two enemies expiring together in the darkness of the last day. The body of a third lay at some distance, mangled as it seemed by violence. The prophet's family were inhabitants of a lonely creek on the coast of Labrador, not far from the isle of death; and Sturm suffered them to convey him, with the helpless child, to their little pinnace and hospitable hut. A few days spent under their bountiful and simple care, with the aid of such medicaments as superstition sanctifies, gave strength and hope to the solitary sailor. Yet he became silent and melancholy, replied in few words to their questions respecting his shipwreck, and shunned all proposals to domesticate or ally himself with them. He worked diligently as a carpenter, and promised his aid in constructing a better boat. They furnished him with materials; and after a year laboriously spent, he completed a six-oared cutter, and witnessed the jubilee

which such an event produced. But on the morning which followed their revel, the fishermen found their old boat, the provisions they had stowed in it, their guest, and his adopted son, gone for ever.

Many years after this adventure, Eric, Lord of Hermanwald, and his young heir, reappeared at their estate in the district of Hanover. This traveller, better known to the world as the Chevalier Megret, was one of the few who stood beside the unfortunate Charles XII. at the siege of Fredericshall, when he received the shot which ended his career; and Megret's celebrated words—" *the play is over—let us begone,*"—were still remembered by those who hated the traitor, though they loved the treason. Therefore he had quitted the associates and the scenes he then frequented, and the engineer Megret transformed himself into Baron Hermanwald, proprietor of the large estate and Mountain-House of Heinnichshohe, from whence, after a short residence, he disappeared with his wife and only son, reporting among his neighbours and dependents, that his health required a visit to the south of Europe. Ten years had elapsed when he announced his return, and settled as a disconsolate widower and a professed misanthropist, in entire seclusion. No one sought to interrupt it; but his son, as he advanced to manhood, showed an uncontrollable genius for military affairs. He entered that celebrated regiment which Frederick the Great made his chief pride and delight. Young Hermanwald's fine person and noble deportment, added to the professional skill he derived from his paternal tutor, entitled him to distinction in a corps so select; and he held a captain's rank with such severe attention to discipline, as Frederick himself could not have excelled. Among the privates was a youth about the same age, of admirable proportions, and very engaging countenance, which bore a comparison even with his young commander's, and had been noticed by the king when on parade. Frederick's humour for multiplying and improving his favourite race is sufficiently well known, and the circumstance now connected with my story is upon record in his history. Taking his usual morning ride without attendants, he saw a young Lithuanian peasant-girl, with the fine complexion and large stature peculiar to her province, gathering flax near his road. He called her, and writing a few lines on a slip of paper, bade her deliver it to Count Lieuwen at Königsberg. The dollar which accompanied this commission,

did not blind the girl's prudence. She knew the keen blue eye and rapid gestures of her sovereign; and when his horse was out of sight, delivered his pencilled billet and piece of silver to a decrepid old woman who assisted her labours in the flax-field. Honest Gotha received them in great joy, and executed her task as speedily as she could. Count Lieuwen's surprise, when he opened the paper and looked on the portress, was extreme; for the message was, "marry the bearer of this to Hendrig of the 4th instantly, and see the marriage performed yourself." Lieuwen was colonel of the boasted regiment, and poor Hendrig obeyed his summons without any apprehension of the lot prepared for him, till the Count, with a smothered smile, enquired if Gotha had any objection to the order, which he repeated to her. Her acquiescence, and the astonishment of his young subaltern, were too ridiculous even for a Prussian officer's dignity; but the good dame, drawing Hendrig aside, whispered in his ear, "Sign the mock contract—it may save you from a worse." Lieuwen laughed heartily, offered Hendrig two rix-dollars and a marriage-dinner to smooth the sacrifice which he knew his master's temper too well to delay; and when Frederick saw his favourite troop drawn out, he enquired if the marriage had been duly celebrated. Lieuwen's smile provoked his curiosity, and he ordered the new pair to stand before him. Even Frederick could not resist the ridiculous contrast, but presently changing his mirth to anger, he ordered the union to be instantly dissolved. Count Lieuwen was no less surprised when Hendrig modestly, yet firmly, begged it might be permitted to remain valid. Frederick was more enraged than before, and threatened him with an instant dismissal from his colours. "I am proud of them", said the young soldier, "but much prouder of my wife." "Thou art a silly fellow," returned the king,—“and thy wife will punish thee better than I.” So saying, and turning on his heel with his own sly smile, he left the bridegroom to the ridicule of his comrades. No man understood the use of that powerful weapon better than the captain of the regiment, young Hermanwald; and secretly envying his exquisite symmetry and natural grace, he did not disdain to use it against Hendrig. The bitter scoff which he levelled at him before they quitted the parade, provoked the private soldier to reply, "If I was an officer, and your equal, I would answer you." The regiment returned to its barracks, and on the following morning Hendrig

found a sealed commission lying on his table, enclosed with these words from his captain—"I was mistaken and forgot myself. If you condescend to remember and resent the affront, we are equals now, and the ramparts will serve for our private meeting at day-break." Hendrig did not neglect the appointment; and first putting his right hand into the young offender's, he returned him the commission with the other. "I believe you are right," said the generous boy, "it ought to come from a better hand." He said no more on the subject, merely returning Hendrig's friendly gesture; but a few days after, Frederick himself gave the colours into his hand, asking him if he had any other wish—"I do this to please myself," added this kingly soldier—"I must do something more to gratify your new friend, Hermanwald." Hendrig replied that he could ask no greater honour than to serve by his side.

From that moment an affecting and noble intimacy began between the young ensign and his seeming benefactor. The decrepit old matron from whom it had sprung, was never seen in public, and it was whispered that her husband gave her the largest part of his pay as the price of her quiet retirement. The first leave of absence was solicited by Hermanwald for himself and his friend, that he might introduce him, as he said, to the friendship and protection of his recluse father, Eric of Heinnichshohe. They set out together, unattended, except by one person, to the Mountain-House, situated among the Hartz territories in Hanover. The sun was just rising above the horizon, and a few thick clouds were gathered on the pinnacles of the surrounding hills. As the travellers ascended a pile of granite rocks called the Tempelskanzel, they saw in the distance before them, among volumes of white clouds which rolled like the billows of a hazy ocean, a semblance of a ship with bare masts, and human figures scattered on the deck. Young Hermanwald saw his companion grow pale, and fix his eyes intently on the apparition, which gradually sunk and disappeared. They pursued their way towards the Worm Mountains, conversing on the Giant Spectre of the Broken, which for so many years has been the wonder of rustic Hanoverians, and the speculation of curious travellers. Hermanwald had wit and science; and he talked ingeniously on those deceptions of the atmosphere, and that morbid state of the brain, which, without either prejudice or superstition, may combine to form certain images. "But," said the person who accompanied their route, "what was

there in the sunbeam of the vapours to create a likeness of a ship ? We might have seen our own shadows on the Auchtermaunshohe, because, as learned men say, those clouds reflect them ; but where were the masts and the ship's crew ?" " I did not say I saw them," said Hermanwald gravely ; and Hendrig mused a long time before he answered—" Perhaps I have read and thought too much on this subject, because I wished to find an excuse or a reason for my feelings. Both have been easily found, and it is no shame to say I may be one of those who have been duped by the recollected images too strongly impressed, or by the power which the eye possesses of presenting those images as if real. Cardan saw the apparition of a son he feared was in danger ; and Dr. Donne saw the wife he loved so fondly passing through his room in Paris, with her long hair loose and her dead infant in her arms, when both, in fact, were in London. These and all that we hear of familiar demons or warning ghosts, seem very reasonably referred by modern physicians to the eye's creations, not to wilful delusion or imposture ; the eye being aided and swayed by such images as possess or disease the brain.* No wonder, therefore, if I saw, or thought I saw, the Ship of the Dead in that atmospheric mirror ; or if I now imagine that I see in the river which runs beside us, the upright body of a man floating half-raised above the water, and looking sternly at us." Hermanwald and his attendant paused, drawing back from Hendrig with surprise and horror. " There is no such spectre visible to your eyes," continued the young man, smiling faintly—" but I have seen it in every flood and sea I have passed since my fifth year ; and I see the same man with his lank wet hair, his large scarred forehead, and his hammock sewn loosely round his shoulders, moving by my side, whether I am on horseback or on foot, alone or in company ; and his glazed eye seems fixed on me, as it fixes now."

They were now at the foot of a shelving eminence, hung thickly with black pines, intertwined over the narrow steps hewn between

* The visions of Ben Jonson, of Tasso, and many others, more ancient, seem to be of this class. The first volumes of the "Memoirs of Literature," published in 1774, contain very diverting instances ; and Dr. Ferriar has collected some merry ones, especially the story of a Highland lady, who possessed one half of a gentleman's ghost while her sister was visited by the other. Some of the Hanoverian rocks above mentioned, rudely resemble the ribs and stern of a ship, and this might have produced the visionary Ship of the Dead.

rocks which formed an ascent to the Mountain-House where the elder Hermanwald resided. A strange chant, proceeding from uncouth voices, interrupted the travellers' discourse, and they saw a few lean, hag-like figures creeping up the stony stairs, carrying vessels filled with water, and solacing their labour with a national ditty, according to the custom of their province. "Now," said the young nobleman to his companion, "if English theories are right, your spectres ought to be, not a drowned man with wet hair, but an industrious old dame in the shape of one of these; for they resemble your wife, whose image has the best right to be in your brain, if not in your heart." And laughing as he spoke, he entered his father's portal followed by Hendrig and by one of these ancient women, who suddenly thrust herself between the gates, and entered with them. Surprised at such audacity, young Hermanwald turned back to punish it, and recognized Hendrig's wife. His anger instantly seemed changed to mirth; and mistaking the paleness of Hendrig's countenance for an expression of chagrin and confusion, he gave scope to his frolic temper, and seizing the decrepit beldame's hand, with a mock air of profound respect, ushered her ceremoniously into the presence-chamber, where the master of the Mountain-House waited for them. Already acquainted with the comic romance of Hendrig's marriage, his son's few arch words of affected introduction informed him how to receive the wrinkled and deformed creature he called the young ensign's bride. He rebuked his son's mirth with a side look of displeasure, and endeavoured to conciliate Hendrig by an air of serious courtesy to his strange follower. But his surprise was great when the withered and infirm woman, gathering her tattered cloak under her arm, and putting back its hood, shewed a grim bare head, and limbs of most masculine proportion. Stalking towards old Hermanwald, she stood erect before him, saying, in a voice which sounded as if from the depths of a vast cavern—"If thou art Eric of Heinnichshohe, who am I?" The lord of the Mountain-House was silent, and his son doubted whether he looked on a human shape or on a spectre, such as the Giant of the Broken. After a moment's pause, the stranger drew forth the sleeve of a blue uniform coat, its cuff red with stains of blood, and held it near old Hermanwald, but did not appear to view it with any feeling of surprise or dismay. "You mean to awe me with hints of murder," said he, suddenly assuming fierceness—"but I am no

assassin—Eric of Heinnichshohe,—that is—myself, was cast upon the Ship of the Dead, and rescued by providential incidents. My son was with me, and we escaped from Labrador together :—the Aurora perished with all her freight and all her crew ; though I, her commander, was exposed to the hazard of a boat without rigging, and returned in safety.” Without changing his aspect or his attitude, the pretended female fixed a ghastly eye upon the impostor, and replied—“ If thou hadst been Eric, thou wouldst have known Sturm, the sailor, who threw his captain into the sea, and saw his body follow him even to the Ship of the Dead. And this boy well remembers that ship and that body, which have haunted us, sleeping and waking, till this day. If thou wast Eric, thou wouldst have remembered the coat-sleeve of the king, whose blood was shed in Eric’s presence, when he who is now called Baron of Hermanwald was the engineer Megret. I have kept it as a holy relic, as an evidence of my truth, and as a means of obtaining justice. I killed my enemy, but his son shall have restitution.”

And this singular man, whose wild yet noble spirit had borne him through every species of desolate danger and abject disguise, repeated this testimony to the Aulic tribunal of justice. To rescue Hendrig’s inheritance from an usurping impostor, he avowed the murder which would have subjected him to death itself, had not his judges pardoned his guilt to the father in consideration of his generous love for the son. And that son repaid the beneficence of his young commander by sharing his restored estates with him ; while Sturm spent his remaining life in deep repentance and visionary musings on the Ship of the Dead.

WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.*

At seven in the morning, on the 5th of July, we abandoned our frigate. The raft on which I was placed sunk so low that we were up to mid-thigh in water. The hope of quickly getting to land, blinded us, in a manner, from perceiving the danger of our situation, and we supported it with courage. From the break of day we had taken no food ; and how could we think of anything else but to embark as soon as possible, and avoid being abandoned on board the Medusa, whose evacuation was going on with the greatest precipitation and disorder.

During the whole time our vessel remained aground, the soldiers, sailors, and even the officers and passengers, had been employed in the hardest exertions ; almost deprived of sleep, and only hastily devouring their food, their physical strength had undergone a remarkable alteration. If to these primary causes of debilitation, we add the natural apprehensions of every one, respecting the possibility of escaping the danger—apprehensions, stronger, no doubt, in the West-Indian soldiers, who were less accustomed to the perils of the sea ; we may easily conceive that these two causes united, in a singular manner disposed them to that state of fury and madness, which was the source of all our misfortunes.

In two hours after our departure, the ship's boats quitted us ; and, a short time after, looking for the provisions we supposed to have been put on board the raft, we found nothing but wine, and about twenty-five pounds of biscuit, which had fallen into the sea, and was now reduced to a kind of pickled paste. We severely felt the effects of hunger this first day, but no one complained. Our first meal was a little biscuit paste, soaked in wine. In the

* Account of the wreck of the Medusa French Frigate, in 1816, by M. Sevigny, surgeon of the Medusa ; one of the one hundred and fifty who abandoned themselves to the waves on a raft, on which they remained thirteen days, at the end of which period their number was reduced to fifteen.

night, which was very stormy, we lost twelve of our companions, but we scarcely felt the want of food or drink. A considerable absorption took place in the lower extremities of our bodies ; besides this, I remarked, that our clothes, quite soaked with sea-water, kept us in a constant bath. To this cause, no doubt, we owe not having felt thirsty ; the day following, I remarked no alteration, and three pints of wine, distributed to every one, sufficed to appease our thirst. The first part of the night was like the preceding, with respect to the effects of abstinence ; but, the sea running high about midnight, our people fell into a kind of delirium, accompanied with an ungovernable desire of food. Unable to appease the hunger that preyed on them, their outrageous imaginations conceived the idea of drinking till they lost their senses. In consequence of this, they broached a hogshead in the middle of the raft, and took a considerable quantity of wine ; but this liquid soon deranged their enfeebled minds, their delirium turned to fury, and a cruel engagement took place on board our raft. Sixty-three unhappy men lost their lives on this occasion. During this night, I felt almost insupportable pains in the epigastric region ; my thirst was immoderate, my legs could scarce support me, and my eyes grew dim ; I was on the point of losing my senses, but a little wine brought them back a little, and appeased the pangs that tore my stomach. In consequence of the long and bloody conflict which we had sustained, we all fell into a kind of lethargy ; so great was my insensibility, that I did not perceive two deep cuts I had received in the fray. Day coming on, partly dissipated these melancholy symptoms ; it was now seventy-two hours since we had been abandoned. Hunger began to be sharply felt again, on this third day ; fortunately, we felt little thirst, for it was attenuated by the absorption in our lower extremities ; but, however active this absorption, it could not compensate for the want of solid food. The sea-water, by this time, had so macerated the epidermis of our legs and thighs, that it was almost raised off, and our skin was as red as though we had applied blistering plasters. I repeat it, our hunger was now sharply felt, and I suffered intolerable pain in the epigastric region ; the least obstacle irritated me, and I had need of all my reason to govern the impetuosity of my motions ; others, who had been furious during the night, even became sullen and motionless, unable to utter a single word. Amidst this disorder, some wretched men, tormented with outrageous hun-

ger, and driven to distraction by our frightful situation, at length tore off the flesh from the dead bodies that covered the raft, and devoured it instantly. The officers and passengers I had united myself to, could not overcome the repugnance inspired by such horrible food; and it was agreed to allow us a greater portion of wine; we, however, tried to eat the belts of our sabres and cartouch-boxes, and we succeeded in swallowing some small pieces; others swallowed rags and the leather lining of hats, that were either greasy or dirty: but we were forced to abandon these expedients which brought no relief to the anguish caused by total abstinence.

It is hardly possible to imagine so great a change as that which had taken place in our bodies; four days' suffering had rendered the most robust men scarcely recognizable; those naturally lean, and apparently weak, underwent little change; in general, from twenty-five to forty years of age appeared the most favourable for resisting such privations; the children, the young men, and the old ones, were the first to sink under them. In the evening, this day, we were fortunate enough to take near two hundred flying fishes, which we divided and devoured immediately; this meal repaired our strength and courage. Having found some gun-powder, we made a fire to dress our fish; but our portions were so small, and our hunger so great, that we added human flesh, which the cooking rendered less disgusting; this was the first time the officers partook of it.

Another engagement took place during the night, and in the morning only thirty were left alive on the fatal raft; the survivors, however, were in the most deplorable condition. The sea-water by continually irritating the surface of our lower extremities, had rendered them so sensible, that the smallest body that touched them caused the most excruciating anguish; add to that our being covered with bruises or ulcerated wounds, so that our existence could only be a succession of sufferances the smallest cause would aggravate. During all this time, continually immersed in water, we scarcely felt the sensation of thirst; but two days later, when we were only fifteen left alive, (having raised up the middle of the raft to lie on,) it became intolerable; a burning sun scorching us, our mouths were parched up, and in vain we endeavoured to provoke the secretion of saliva—the power was gone. We put ourselves on short allowance, to make the little wine that was left last

as long as possible ; at meal times, when each received his small portion, he kept it in a small tin goblet, and by means of a quill sucked it up, from time to time ; this operation lasted generally a quarter of an hour, and relieved our thirst much more effectually than if we had drank all at one draught.

The portion of wine being too small to calm our raging thirst, we were under the necessity of seeking other expedients. Some of us found bits of tin, which, taken in the mouth, kept up an agreeable coolness ; but the most general expedient was to take some salt water in a hat, and frequently wash our face and hair with it, as also plunging our hands in the water for a long time. Having by chance discovered too little vials, containing a spirituous tincture for the teeth, the owner kept them most carefully, and only granted a drop or two at a time in the hollow of our hand. This tincture, which I suppose to have been composed of guaiacum, cinnamon, cloves, and other aromatic substances, produced the most delicious sensation on the tongue, and, for a few moments, appeased the torments of thirst. Excessive misfortune rendered us industrious, and we made every effort our strength permitted to discover new means of relieving our sufferings. Extenuated by the cruellest privations, the least agreeable sensation was happiness to us ; among other things, a little empty vial, belonging to Monsieur Caudlin, was eagerly sought for, as it had formerly contained essence of roses. As soon as it could be procured, we breathed its odour with ecstasy, for it produced the most delicious impression on our senses. The very perfume of wine was extremely agreeable, and I was often greatly relieved by smelling the vessel it had been in. We were now in the ninth day of our sufferings ; the hunger that in the beginning had so cruelly tormented us, was now hardly sensible, but our thirst was intolerable, and I was fully convinced that thirst is much more insupportable than hunger. In fact, the former was then the only cause of our distress, whilst the latter scarce provoked a complaint. If we eagerly wished for the hour of distribution, it was only to savour a small portion of wine ; but it was insufficient, as I already observed ; so that, besides the expedients already mentioned to moisten our parched mouths, some of us even drank urine. To render it capable of being swallowed, they cooled it in tin goblets ; and I remarked, that the urine of some persons was more agreeable to drink than that of others. One passenger

could never drink it, but gave it to his comrades, who found the taste agreeable; that of others grew thick and very sharp; and what is remarkable, it was scarcely swallowed before it caused a new desire to make water. I tried salt water, but it only increased my thirst, whilst urine really possesses some cooling properties.

When we were come to this state of misery, we fell into such a degree of weakness, that we could not stand up for half a minute without fainting, so we were constantly lying down. During the first nights, after we were forsaken, which are very sharp in these climates, we easily supported our immersion; but, during the last nights we passed on the raft, whenever a wave broke over us, it caused such pain as made us cry out frightfully. We were now almost naked, burnt up with the sun, and ten of us hardly able to move our limbs, stript of skin, our wounds changed to ulcers, and a deep alteration exhibited in all our features; our hollow and almost ferocious eyes, and our long beards, added to the horror of our appearance; we were nothing more than our own shadows. At length, on the thirteenth day, we were miraculously taken up by the *Argus*.

The ship's surgeon's first care was to dress our wounds and give us broth, with excellent wine in it; doubtless his intention was to keep us to a severe regimen for some days, and to accustom us, little by little, to light food; but the man who has so long been deprived of every necessary, and finds himself suddenly blessed with abundance, can hardly listen to the voice of reason; thus some few who persisted in taking a quantity of solid food, paid for their fatal imprudence with violent vomitings, and the cruelest pains in the alimentary passage. All the care and attentions that were lavished on them were insufficient to save the greater number; three of them, in a short time, fell by adynamic fevers and violent dysenteries. It was very slowly that our strength returned, but even then by no means equal to what it was on our departure from Europe. Pains all over the body gave me continually notice of every change in the atmosphere; my digestion is long and painful, and for these two years past I have been troubled with the colic, at least for eighteen months. My beard sprung out suddenly in forty days' time, that is to say, during the passage from Senegal to France. In two months after we were saved, my body increased remarkably in every dimension; during

all this time I was extremely voracious, and yet the victuals were not the most delicate on board the *Echo*. My urine was so abundant that I was forced to get up fifteen or twenty times a-night; I was really alarmed at it, and apprehended being attacked with the diabetes. It was limpid, inodorous, and without any taste to indicate the presence of saline substances. Was this a consequence of my sufferings, or the apprehensions of a sea voyage, that so strangely affected the urinary passages? In a few days after my arrival in Brest, all fell into the usual train.

From the moment I was convinced of our being abandoned, I was strongly impressed with the crowd of dark and horrible images that presented themselves to my imagination, which, in a moment, so frightfully analyzed every horror attached to our position: the torments of hunger and thirst, the almost certainty of never more seeing my country or friends, composed the painful picture before my eyes; I felt a troublesome pain in the epigastrium, my knees sunk under me, and my hands mechanically sought for something to lay hold on. I could scarcely articulate a word; a cold sensation, like that of metallic plates applied to every part of the surface of my body, but particularly along the vertebral column, came on from time to time; my upper eye-lids, falling involuntarily on the lower, produced a very cold sensation, that extended beyond the eye-lids. This state soon had an end, and then all my mental faculties revived. Having first silenced the imperious dread of death, I endeavoured to pour some consolation into my unhappy companions' hearts, who were almost all in a state of stupor around me. I am certainly far from attributing these first impressions to the effects of abstinence, but I point them out as the beginning of that state of alienation which afterwards proceeded principally from the effects of hunger. The terror I was struck with, as well as my companions, on the departure of the boats, was inspired by the idea of a dreadful danger; but, may I not add, this sentiment was still heightened by the continual fatigues that had enervated us during four days of excessive labour, an immersion of three hours in the water, and eighteen hours fasting; all which rendered us incapable of surmounting mental affections raised to despair.

After their first consternation, the soldiers and sailors abandoned themselves to excessive despair, and furiously crying out for vengeance; each saw his ruin inevitable, and clamorously an-

nounced the dark reflections that agitated him. Some persons of a firmer character joined me in consoling these unhappy people. At first our arguments were useless to calm their apprehensions ; and, though we fully partook of them ourselves, a greater degree of mental energy enabled us to dissemble them ; in consequence, with a firm countenance, and consolatory words, we gradually brought them to more reasonable sentiments ; but we never could wholly dissipate the terror so horrible a situation naturally inspired. However, we succeeded in keeping up the courage of these men, by persuading them in a few days they would have an opportunity of revenging themselves on those who had so shamefully abandoned us. I own, this spirit of vengeance animated every one of us, and we poured volleys of curses on the boat's crew, whose fatal selfishness exposed us to so many evils and dangers. We thought our sufferings would have been less cruel, had they been partaken by the frigate's whole crew. Nothing is more exasperating to the unhappy than to think those who plunged them into misfortune should enjoy every favour of fate. At last our soldiers and sailors began to encourage one another, and their imaginations were raised to ecstasy ; it is in such imminent danger one may remark the great ascendancy of mental above physical energy. In this case a few intrepid men suffice to recall their courage ; their firm countenance soon calls back strength and energy, in place of despair and weakness. What influence has not a courageous chief over those he commands ! I will not (nor no one can) flatter himself with always possessing sufficient firmness calmly to observe the moral and physical changes that take place around us ; I talk to men who have studied nature, and who well know that no mortal can brave with impunity the most urgent calls of nature, joined to the prospect of the most eminent and frightful danger ; for my part, less struck than those about me, in more than one instance I have been able to read in their countenance, the dreadful ravages occasioned by despair and total privation of food. After the first enthusiasm, the soldiers and sailors came to themselves ; our first thoughts and efforts were directed to the means of gaining the land to procure provisions. The imperious desire of self-preservation silenced every fear for a moment ; we put up a sail on our raft, and every one worked with a kind of delirium ; not one of us then foresaw the peril that surrounded us.

The day passed on quietly enough. Night at length came on ; the heavens were overspread with black clouds ; the winds unchained raised the sea mountains high, in the most dreadful manner ; apprehensions arose again, and cries resounded from every side : rolled by the waves from fore to aft, and back again ; sometimes plunged in the sea, suspended betwixt life and death, bewailing our misfortune, and, though certain of death, still struggling with the merciless element ready to swallow us ; such was our situation till morning. Every instant we heard the doleful cries of our sailors and soldiers, preparing themselves for death ; they bid a last adieu, and implored the protection of heaven. During this painful night, I had firmness enough to keep calm, amidst this confusion, and to remark the moral condition of our people. Their expressions were already very incoherent ; the strongest ideas followed the recollection of their families, their country, and their friends ; some cried out *land*, others saw vessels coming to our relief ; and these fallacious visions were announced with repeated cries. Two young cabin-boys and a baker, despising death, plunged into the ocean, after taking leave of their comrades." "*We are off,*" said they, and instantly disappeared. Such was the commencement of that dreadful insanity we shall hereafter see exercising itself in the cruelest manner, and mowing down a crowd of victims.

The day coming on, brought back a little calm among us ; some unhappy persons, however, near me, were not come to their senses ; but in general, mental disorganization was little perceptible. A charming young man, scarcely sixteen, asked me every moment, "*When shall we cut ?*" He stuck to me, and followed me everywhere, repeating the same question. This day, Mr. Griffon threw himself into the sea, but I took him up myself ; his answers were confused ; I gave him every consolation in my power, and endeavoured to persuade him to support courageously every privation we were suffering. But all my care was fruitless, I could never recall him to reason ; he gave no sign of despair, and appeared insensible to the horror of our situation ; I, however, got some few incoherent words out of him ; but, being forced to leave him, I recommended him to some of our companions, for he was entirely absorbed in dark reflections. In a few minutes he threw himself again into the sea, but by an instinct of self-preservation he held to a piece of wood that went beyond the

raft, and he was taken up a second time. The hope of still seeing the boats come to our succour, enabled us to support the torments of hunger ; but when night came on, the wind blew furiously and the sea ran high. The last night had been frightful, this one was still more horrible ; we were covered every moment with mountains of water, that broke furiously over us ; extenuated with fatigue and hunger, we had still to struggle with a furious sea. I held fast to a rope, not to be carried off by the waves. I calculated calmly enough the danger I was exposed to ; but I remarked sometimes, however, that my ideas were confused, and many imaginary objects passed before my eyes. A devouring hunger tore my bowels ; I earnestly asked those who were about me for something to calm my sufferings ; I felt a horrible pain in my stomach, as though it were torn out with pincers ; sentiments of fury rose in my breast. A soldier, who had address enough to keep a little biscuit, gave me a bit, weighing about a quarter of an ounce ; I took it as a precious blessing, for it soon calmed the cruel pains I was tormented with. I then gave myself up again to my reflections ; all appeared less shocking now. The soldiers and sailors, unable to satisfy the pressing wants they felt, and persuaded they were going to be swallowed up, took the resolution of softening their last moments by drinking till they had lost their reason—a fatal resolution, suggested by despair. Attacking a hogshead in the centre of the raft, they pierced it, and each took a considerable quantity of wine. This stimulating liquid soon troubled their minds, already deranged ; and thus doubly excited, the furious wretches would have their companions follow their example. However, some of the people, desirous of preserving their existence, took part with those who wished to preserve the raft these men endeavoured to destroy. A bloody contest took place, and the revolvers were subdued. Madness produced the cruelest ideas in some of them : five or six soldiers laying hold of a foot officer, who was himself delirious, threw him into the sea ; we took him up, however, and they laid hands on him, and were going to blind him with a pen-knife. These soldiers in general, from what reasons I know not, were peculiarly animated against their officers. Order, however, being re-established, these poor men humbly came to beg our pardon, which we granted instantly : this sudden transition perfectly characterizes the state they were in.

We were certainly not more than twenty or twenty-five, animated with the hope of being yet saved ; and though we apparently formed a rational plan, in the preservation of our raft, it must not be supposed we were in full possession of our mental faculties ; anxiety and privation, of every kind, had greatly impaired them ; however, still less delirious than the soldiery, we firmly resisted their resolution. Here is what I experienced, during the time, as I mentioned before, I gave myself up to my reflections, after eating the bit of biscuit. My eyes closed in spite of me, and I felt a general drowsiness. In this state, the liveliest images soothed my imagination : I saw myself surrounded by a richly cultivated country, and in company with agreeable people ; I even made reflections on my situation. I appreciated fully all its danger, and I was well convinced that courage and some food alone could snatch me from this state of annihilation ; in consequence of this, I begged the master-gunner to give me a little wine, which he did, and I revived a little. All my companions, as I learned, had felt the same sensations. The unhappy men who had not strength to confront these first attacks, fell into a state of imbecility, from which it was impossible to rouse them ; others dived into the ocean, coolly bidding their comrades farewell ; others would say, " Never fear, I am going to bring you relief, you shall soon see me again ;" and others dived into the sea, as it were to catch at something apparently in view. Some others of these unhappy men ran sword in hand on their comrades, demanding a wing of a fowl and some bread, to appease their hunger. Some of them asked for their hammocks, " to go," said they, " and sleep between decks." Others still thought themselves on board the *Medusa*, amidst everything they were daily surrounded with. In a conversation with one of my comrades he said to me, " I cannot think we are on a raft ; I always suppose myself aboard our frigate." My own judgment wandered too on this point. " I perceive," says an officer, " that I am going to turn mad." Monsieur Corriad imagined himself going over the beautiful plains of Italy. Monsieur Griffon said very seriously to him, " I remember we were forsaken by the boats, but never fear, I have just written to government, and in a few hours we shall be saved." Monsieur Corriad answered, as though he had been in his senses,— " Have you then a pigeon to carry your orders so fast ?" For a moment this stupor was dissipated by shouts and tumult ; but, shortly

after the unhappy fray, when tranquillity was restored, we fell into the same state as before ; this insensibility was so great, that next day I thought myself waking out of a disturbed sleep, asking the people round me if they had seen an uproar, and heard any cries of despair ? some answered me, that they too had been tormented with the same visions, and that they were worn out with fatigue. Monsieur Dupont, captain of infantry, was in so complete a state of insensibility, that nothing could rouse him, till a sailor, who was quite crazy, attempted to cut off his foot with a bad knife : the lively pain this caused, brought him to his senses. He communicated this observation to me himself, adding that his mind had been continually agitated during the night.

All these symptoms have great connection with those the sailors usually feel in warm latitudes, particularly near the line : this disorder is described by Sauvages, under the denomination of *calenture*.

“This disorder comes on during the night, while the patient is asleep : he awakes quite delirious, his looks animated, and his gestures express fury ; he speaks long and incoherently ; quits his bed to run on the deck or fore-castle, where he imagines seeing trees and enamelled meadows in the water ; this illusion so delights him, that he expresses his joy with a thousand exclamations. He then endeavours to throw himself into the sea, and, at last effecting his purpose, he is infallibly lost, in case his companions be not either quick or many enough to prevent him putting his mad project in execution. His strength is so extraordinary during this crisis, that four strong men are scarcely able to stop him.”—*Dictionnaires des Sciences Medicales*.

There is a great analogy between the first symptom, above mentioned, and what I have observed ; it was precisely during the night the delirium we were seized with showed itself ; and, as soon as day appeared, we were much calmer ; darkness again brought back the disorder of our enfeebled minds. I perfectly remarked in myself the exaltation of my ideas during the silence of night ; then everything appeared extraordinary and fantastical. This disposition, however, was not common to all who surrounded me. During the sort of sleep in which I was plunged, and on my waking, I appreciated, however confusedly, the great danger to which I was exposed, and I endeavoured to banish the fallacious dreams that assailed me. Many experienced the same sensations as I did, but others became completely delirious.

“All that has been mentioned by the few writers who have seen the *calenture*, proves clearly that it is not, as many physicians pretend, the consequence of a sun-blast ; the nightly period of its invasion, and the absence of exterior signs of insolation, totally upset this vulgar hypothesis. Every circumstance combined, from facts remarked, concur in proving that the *calenture* proceeds from excessive, permanent heat, which inflaming the atmosphere, is concentrated between the ship's decks. The scuttles being shut during the night, and the air not circulating, it soon becomes corrupted, from animal emanations and breathing, in a degree of temperature the torrid zone renders more injurious ; the blood, already too highly rarified from the effects of the climate, is carried in abundance to the head, and, injuring the cerebral nerves, at the same time that they are excited by the foulness of exhausted vital air, naturally gives to this frenetic delirium.”

The excessive heat of the tropics powerfully aggravated our insanity. It is impossible to imagine how the circulation is accelerated, when one is exposed to the sun under the equator. I had intolerable headaches ; I could scarcely master my motions ; and to make use of a common expression, *my blood was boiling in my veins*. My companions were all attacked with this irritation ; and every one wanted to give vent to his rage and despair.

The day being pretty fine, tranquillity reigned among us ; some few were still delirious, but not furious. A mechanic called Linormand, who came on purpose from Paris to make one of the expedition, thinking himself still in the capital, said to one Lavallette, “*Allez chez le marchand devin, que vous voyez au coin, pour preparer un litre ; je vous suis :*” he then threw himself into the sea, thinking to get to the house he imagined in view. Night came on, but I felt my situation less than during the two preceding ; and I was less tormented with the crowd of visions that troubled my mind. However, I was always fancying myself on board the frigate. The sun now shone on us for the third time, presenting on one side the boundless ocean, and on the other the burning atmosphere of the desert of Sahara ; though there was now no hope but in putting the speediest end to an existence whose last moments could be only a succession of the cruellest sufferings. Above all, the want of provisions forced us to complain. When I was most cruelly affected with hunger, my imagination was disturbed the most, and I believe the least obsta-

cle would have rendered me furious. These pains were not permanent, but returned from time to time, more or less violent.

The ensuing night brought new confusion on our unhappy raft: our desperation at seeing no succour arrive, was the cause. The people gave themselves up to mad fury, and madly attempted to throw all the officers into the sea. Finally, a third fit of despair deprived us of thirteen more of our comrades; so that, for the five last days, we were reduced from one hundred and fifty to fifteen living on the raft. The history of these five days I now write.

Till this moment, the destruction of thoughts had, in a manner, thrown a veil over the horror of our situation; and in these scenes of horror and murder, our character was totally changed. The only passions that animated us were mistrust, selfishness, and brutality; we looked with indifference on the body of an unfortunate companion who had fallen under such accumulated misfortunes.

It is scarcely possible to imagine the moral revolution occasioned by despair and want; and as a modern author well says, "When we enjoy the superfluities of life, it is easy to look at misfortune with the wrong end of the spy-glass, which removes objects to a great distance, so that you can no longer distinguish its frightful attendants but in miniature." Let us pursue our narrative. During the last days we passed on the raft, a return of reason came to enlighten us on our situation, and render our sufferings more sensible. This state was quite similar to that of a person seized with a violent ataxic fever; all of a sudden he recovers his tranquillity, but death, which follows almost immediately, alone instructs him respecting the cause of this deceitful calm. I have no longer to relate the furious actions dictated by dark despair, but the unhappy state of fifteen exhausted creatures, reduced to frightful misery. Our gloomy thoughts were fixed on the little wine that was left, and we contemplated with horror the ravages despair and want had made among us. "You are much altered!" says one of my companions seizing my hand, and melting into tears. Eight days' torments had rendered us no longer like ourselves.

At length, seeing ourselves so reduced, we summoned up all our strength, and raised a kind of stage to rest ourselves upon. On this new theatre we resolved to wait death in a becoming manner. We passed some days in this situation, each concealing his despair from his nearest companion. Misunderstanding, however,

again took place on the tenth day after being on board the raft. After a distribution of wine, several of our companions conceived the idea of destroying themselves after finishing the little wine that remained: "When people are as wretched as we," said they, "they have nothing to wish for but death." We made the strongest remonstrances to them; but their diseased brains could only fix on the rash project they had conceived; a new contest was, therefore, on the point of commencing, but at length they yielded to our remonstrances. Many of us, after receiving our small portion of wine, fell into a state of intoxication, and often a great misunderstanding arose. At other times we were pretty quiet, and sometimes our natural spirits inspired a smile, in spite of the horrors of our situation. Says one, "if the brig is sent in search of us, let us pray God to give her the eyes of Argus;" alluding to the name of the vessel which we supposed was coming in search of us. One day I awoke M. Coudin, who was lying near me: "You have done me an injury, (said he;) I fancied myself near a fountain, where I was quenching my thirst." "Hold your tongue!" spontaneously exclaimed all our companions; for nothing was more afflicting to us than the idea of others being able to satisfy every want of nature.

The seventeenth, in the morning, thirteen days after being forsaken, while each was enjoying the delights of his poor portion of wine, a captain of infantry perceived a vessel in the horizon, and announced it with a shout of joy. For some moments we were suspended between hope and fear. Some said, they saw the ship draw nearer; others, that it was sailing away. Unfortunately, these last were not mistaken, for the brig soon disappeared. From excess of joy, we now fell back into a state of despair. For my part, I was so accustomed to the idea of death, that I saw it approach with indifference. I had remarked many others terminate their existence without great outward signs of pain; they first became quite delirious, and nothing could appease them; after that, they fell into a state of imbecility, and ended their existence like a lamp that goes out for want of oil. A boy of twelve years old, unable to support these privations, sunk under them, on the eighth day after our being forsaken. All spoke of this fine boy as deserving a better fate; his angelic face, his melodious voice, and his tender years, inspired us with the tenderest compassion for so young a victim, devoted to so frightful and untimely a death.

Our oldest soldiers, and indeed every one, eagerly assisted him, as far as circumstances permitted. But alas! it was all in vain; neither the wine, nor every other consolation, could save him; and he expired in Monsieur Coudin's arms. As long as he was able to move, he was continually running from one side of the raft to the other, calling out for his mother, for water, and for food.

About six o'clock on the seventeenth, one of our companions, looking out, on a sudden stretching his hands forward, and scarcely able to breathe, cried out, "*Here's the brig almost alongside;*" and, in fact, she was actually very near. We threw ourselves on each others' necks with frantic transports, while tears trickled down our withered cheeks. She soon bore upon us within pistol-shot, sent a boat, and presently took us all on board!

We had scarcely escaped, when some of us became delirious again: a military officer was going to leap into the sea, as he said, "to take up his pocket book," and would certainly have done so but for those about him; others were affected in the same manner but in a less degree.

Fifteen days after our deliverance, I felt the species of mental derangement which is produced by great misfortunes; my mind was in a continual agitation, and during the night I often awoke, thinking myself still on the raft; and many of my companions experienced the same effects. One François became deaf, and remained for a long time in a state of idiotism. Another frequently lost his recollection; and my own memory, remarkably good before this event, was weakened by it in a sensible manner.

At the moment in which I am recalling the dreadful scenes to which I have been witness, they present themselves to my imagination like a frightful dream. All these horrible scenes from which I so miraculously escaped, seem now as only a point in my existence. Restored to health, my mind sometimes recalls the visions that tormented it during the fever that consumed it. In those dreadful moments we were certainly attacked with a cerebral fever, in consequence of excessive mental irritation. And even now, sometimes in the night, after having met with any disappointment, and when the wind is high, my mind recalls the fatal raft. I see a furious ocean ready to swallow me up, hands uplifted to strike me, and the whole train of human passions let loose: revenge, fury, hatred, treachery and despair, surrounding me!

CHARACTER AND MANNERS OF THE TYROLESE.

THERE is no country of Europe which exhibits both the beauties of nature, and the character of man, in a more striking or interesting aspect than the Tyrol. The events of the preceding years have given an interest of a higher kind to its mountains and valleys, than belongs to the theatre of any other warfare. Bold as the spirit of resistance was which everywhere arose to resist the progress of French dominion; and valiantly as the people of every country have struggled to preserve their independence, or recover the national glory which their late misfortunes had sullied, there is yet no country which has evinced so heroic a spirit; there is no people who have displayed so memorable a devotion as the inhabitants of the Tyrol. The Spaniards had a great country, and strong fortresses, and the powerful assistance of England, to support them; the Russians rested on the resources of a mighty empire, and developed the military power which had so long made Europe tremble, in defending themselves against the French invasion: the Prussians rose against a weakened and dispirited enemy, and shared in the exultation of unequalled triumphs when they joined the victorious Russians in the pursuit of their enemy. It was in the Tyrol only that the people rested on their own courage and patriotism alone. It was there, that at the first signal of war, its whole population flew to arms. They stopped not to calculate the chances of success in the contest in which they were to engage. They weighed not the weakness of their own resources, and the small number on which they could depend, when compared with the appalling multitudes by whom they were to be assailed. They heard only the voice of their sovereign calling them to arms, and listened to the dictates of their own hearts in the answer which they made to him.

Nor was it any blind confidence in success, or any presumptuous contempt for the French armies, which induced the Tyrolese,

in 1809, to rise unanimously against the French dominion. The enemies whom they were about to encounter, were the same troops with whom they had maintained many severe contests in the former wars. The power whom they fearlessly attacked was the power before whom they had seen all the monarchies of Europe successively bow ; and beneath the weight of whose arms, even the gigantic might of Russia had been constrained to bend. When the peasantry of Tyrol flew to arms, they knew well the perilous and desperate service on which they were entering. Every man took leave of his family, and his friends, as of those whom he would probably never meet again. They prepared themselves, after the pious manner of their country, for what they deemed a holy warfare, by the most solemn rites of their religion. The priest in every parish assembled those who were to join the army, and animated them by his exhortations, and blessed those who might die in defence of their country. Every family assembled together, and prayed, that the youths who were to leave it might support their good name in the hour of danger, and die rather than dishonour their native land. In many instances even the sacrament was administered, as for the last time in life, and accompanied with the solemnities which the Catholic church enjoins for the welfare of a departing soul. It was with such holy rites, and by such exercises of family devotion, that those brave men prepared themselves for the fearful warfare on which they were entering ; and it was the spirit which they thus inhaled that supported them when they were left to their own resources, and enabled them, even amidst all the depression arising from the desertion of their allies, and famine among themselves, to present an undaunted front to the hostility of combined Europe.

It was a singular and extraordinary circumstance, with what unanimity, and how simultaneously the insurrection began over every part of the country. The tidings of the Austrians having crossed the Inn, and of a corps approaching the Tyrol, had no sooner reached the frontier, than it was conveyed, with almost magical celerity, to the remotest valleys. Everywhere the inhabitants, without any concert among themselves, took up arms, and marched at the same moment towards the chief towns of the districts in which they were placed. The Austrian authorities, charged with organizing the insurrection in their course up the valleys, met the different corps of peasantry descending with the fowling

pieces, and other rustic arms, which they had in their possession. These small bodies, proceeding down their valleys, received continual accessions of strength as they advanced; and, like the mountain streams, whose course they followed, rolled onward their united force towards the plain.

There is reason to believe that the chiefs of the conspiracy were well acquainted, for some time previous, with the war which was in contemplation between Austria and France. But their knowledge could not be generally communicated, both from the risk of entrusting so important a secret to many persons, and from the extraordinary obstacles to the circulation of information which the nature of the country presented. The knowledge of each valley was in a great measure confined to its own little society; bare rocks, and snowy mountains, forming insuperable barriers to all intercourse with the neighbouring people. The simultaneous insurrection of the Tyrolese, therefore, must be imputed to that burst of generous feeling which animated all ranks at that eventful crisis, and to that noble confidence in each other, which led the inhabitants of every family to take up arms, in the sure belief that all their countrymen had done the same.

When the peasants from the valleys which connected with the Inn Thal assembled round Inspruck, they exhibited a motley and extraordinary appearance. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, were all crowded together without order, or military equipment of any kind, and dressed in the picturesque and striking manner which is peculiar to those mountaineers. Most of the peasants had a fowling piece, or rifle; but in every other species of equipment they were miserably deficient. Cannon, or stores, or horsemen, they had none, and even their swords were hardly such as are suited to modern warfare. Many aged warriors bore the halberds which their forefathers had used in the days when armour was worn by the cavalry, and with which the Swiss had resisted the chivalry of Charles the Bold on the field of Morat. The spears which others carried were the same which had been used in the bloody wars between the Swiss and the Tyrolese, above three hundred years ago, and which had been preserved with religious care by the descendants of the persons who there distinguished themselves. Many did not possess even such arms as these; but joined their comrades with no other weapons than a scythe, or pruning-hook, or a rusty bayonet. But, though va-

riously equipped, and for the most part but half-armed, all were animated by the same spirit, and all felt not only the strongest determination in their own mind, but the surest reliance on the fidelity and courage of their associates.

The poetical description which Mr. Scott has given of the gathering of the Clan Alpin in Balquhiddy, by the order of Roderick Dhu, was here realized on a far greater scale, and in the prosecution of a nobler purpose.

“From the grey sire whose trembling hand,
Could hardly buckle on his brand;
To the raw boy whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow;
Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Mustered its little horde of men,
That met as torrents from the height,
In Highland dale their streams unite;
Still gathering as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong.”

The peasantry who assembled round Innsbruck amounted to above 20,000; and having formed such hasty arrangements as the exigency of the moment would permit, they commenced an attack on the town. It is difficult sufficiently to admire the courage of these brave men in this their first encounter with the French troops. They had to cross a narrow bridge of great length, in front of a battery of cannon, supported on either side by files of infantry, securely posted behind walls, or within the houses. The storming of the celebrated bridge of Lodi, of which so much has been said, was not so perilous an enterprise as this was; and the French grenadiers who there rushed upon the Austrian battery, did not require the same individual determination which was here evinced by these undisciplined mountaineers. Their first essay in arms was an achievement at which the courage of most veteran soldiers would have failed.

The leaders of the charge were instantly destroyed by the murderous fire of grape-shot, which swept the bridge; but the firmness and enthusiasm of the people overcame every obstacle, and they succeeded in forcing the pass, and capturing the cannon which defended it. The immediate consequence was, the evacuation of the town and the lower Inn Thal by the French troops. To this day, the inhabitants speak of this achievement, as well they may, with exultation; and point with pride to the walls

which are literally riddled with grape-shot, to mark the severity of the fire to which their countrymen were exposed.

The next important action in the war, was on a rocky ridge, between Reichenhall and Viedering, on the road from Salzburg to Worgel. The French and Bavarians, under the Duke of Dantzic, having captured Salzburg, after the fatal battle of Ratisbon, advanced towards the Tyrol, on the great road from Vienna to Innsbruck. The Tyrolese, under Hofer, took post on a rocky eminence, surrounded by vast and precipitous mountains, immediately to the westward of a small lake which lies on the frontier of the Salzburg territory. It is impossible to imagine a scene of more perfect beauty than the one which was here selected as the field of battle. A lake of small dimensions, not unlike Loch Achray, in Perthshire, spreads itself at the foot of lofty cliffs whose sides and base are clothed with luxuriant woods, and penetrates far into their lovely recesses. Green fields, and white cottages, and smiling orchards, fringe the margin of the water, and occupy the narrow space which lies between the lake and the stupendous rocks by which it is surrounded. The road winds through this delightful region till it reaches the extremity of the lake, when it ascends the rugged and almost perpendicular cliffs which form its western boundary, and separate on this side, the territories of Salzburg from those of Tyrol.

It was on these cliffs that the Tyrolese took their station—vast forests of larch and fir covered the higher parts of the mountains, and entirely concealed the peasants who occupied the passes. It was early on the morning of the 14th May, that the French troops, to the number of 28,000, broke up from Reichenhall, where they had passed the night, and advanced along the margin of the lake towards the ridge which the Tyrolese occupied. A thick mist, very prevalent at daybreak in that country, at first concealed their movements; and the peasants were too inexperienced in the art of war, to have gained any previous intelligence of their approach.

They were saying their matin prayers on the morning of Holy Thursday, which is kept with remarkable devotion by all the people, when the most advanced first perceived, through the mist which was beginning to rise, the sun glittering on the bayonets of the hostile troops that were advancing against them. The increasing warmth of the day shortly after dispelled the clouds, and the Tyrolese, from their station in the forest, beheld the long

lines of infantry and cavalry, that were winding along the margin of the lake, and beginning to ascend the rugged eminence on which they were stationed. A dead silence prevailed throughout the whole patriot army, at this magnificent and animating spectacle; and in the pause of anxious suspense which ensued, they distinctly heard "the measured tread of marching men," which, more even than the immeasurable extent of their files, bespoke the number and discipline of their enemies.

Before ascending into the higher parts of the forest, however, the French general, who had probably received intelligence that the peasants were stationed in ambush somewhere in the neighbourhood, halted the main body of his troops, and detached some light regiments in advance, to explore the wild and broken ascent that lay before him. The Tyrolese had the most express orders to conceal themselves with the utmost care from the enemy; and so admirably was this order obeyed by men who had been accustomed from their infancy to lie in ambush in the pursuit of game, that the French tirailleurs could perceive no trace of an enemy. They advanced nearly to the summit of the ridge, but the most perfect silence everywhere prevailed, and they perceived nothing but a dark and gloomy forest on both sides of the road, filled with aged trees and broken with underwood and precipices. The main body of the French, encouraged by this account, proceeded fearlessly to mount the pass; and their columns gradually became more disorderly as they toiled up the steep ascent, exposed to the horizontal and burning rays of the sun, which now shone forth with unclouded splendour. The soldiers who had kept their ranks in the valley below, became careless as they ascended, and the young and thoughtless among them lightened their toil by singing the gay and national airs of France.

But their gaiety was not of long duration. No sooner was the main body of the French army mounted on the ascent, than, on the signal of a musket fired from a cliff in the centre, one instantaneous and overwhelming fire burst forth from all parts of the forest. Instantly the peasantry showed themselves in vast numbers, and issuing from their recesses, rushed upon the enemy, while a loud and universal shout announced the dreadful success of their discharge. The French column, amazed and terrified at this extraordinary attack, fell back in the utmost confusion, and in hurrying down to the valley, presented an indiscriminate mass

on which the fire of their enemies took effect with unerring precision. In less than ten minutes, the whole column, amounting to nearly 18,000, which had begun this perilous ascent, was precipitated back into the valley, while the whole road which they had occupied, was filled by the dead and the wounded, or choked up with fallen horses and broken wagons, overturned in the hurry of the flight. The Tyrolese pursued them into the beautiful little plain below, and then returned to their station among the precipices.

The French troops renewed the attack with their accustomed gallantry, during the remainder of the forenoon; but they were never able to sustain the desperate fire which the Tyrolese marksmen kept up from their inaccessible position. At length, tired with fruitless efforts, they drew off their troops, and the peasants imagining that the victory was decided, left their posts in great numbers, in order to hear mass, and return thanksgiving at some neighbouring convents. The defence of the pass was now devolved to some Austrian battalions, and the French, perceiving the weakness of their opponents, renewed the attack, and after a vigorous opposition, succeeded in establishing themselves on the heights. The peasants, how much soever they were enraged at seeing victory thus snatched from their grasp, were compelled to fall back to the interior of the country; and Innspruck, with the whole valley of the Inn, was again occupied by the hostile army.

The Austrians, with a degree of pusillanimity which can never be sufficiently reprobated, now abandoned the country to its merciless conquerors, and the Tyrolese were left to rely entirely on their own resources. The grand army had already destroyed the Austrian army in the plains of Bavaria, and had penetrated to the neighbourhood of Vienna; and the Tyrol had received no warlike supplies of any importance from their flattering allies. In this emergency, however, their own courage did not desert them. Speckbacher and Hofer, their two leaders, retired to their respective valleys on the opposite sides, and roused the peasantry to a continuance of the war by their eloquence and their example. Speckbacher undertook himself to convey the intelligence of the ardour which prevailed in his valleys across the Inn, that was then occupied by the French troops. He set out accordingly, accompanied by his tried friends George Zoppell and Simon Lechner, and endeavoured to penetrate across that part of the valley which

seemed most weakly guarded. But in the middle of the night, while they were treading softly through a broken tract of rocks and underwood, they came upon a detachment of one hundred Bavarian dragoons. They had gone too far to recede; but, nevertheless, they hesitated for a moment before they ventured to attack their opponents, who were leaning on their arms, round a blazing fire, with their horses standing on the outside of the circle. Being determined, however, to risk everything rather than abandon their purpose, they levelled their rifles, and by their first discharge killed and wounded several of the enemy. During the confusion which ensued upon this unexpected attack, they loaded their pieces, and hastily mounting the cliff, fired again before their numbers were perceived. The Bavarians, conceiving that they were beset by a large body of the peasantry, fled in all directions; and Speckbacher, with his brave associates, succeeded in penetrating before morning to the outposts of their countrymen.

One of the severest actions in the war was fought in the ravines of Mount Isel, on the 29th of May. The ground here was singularly adapted for the peculiar kind of warfare in which the Tyrolese excelled, and had been selected with much judgment by their leader, to awaken and animate the courage of the peasantry. It consists of a variety of wooded knolls, intersected with ravines, and surrounded by shapeless piles of bare rock. The great road which traverses these mountains, winds up these little valleys, and sweeps round the base of the wooded hills that surround them, through villages and detached cottages of the most perfect beauty. In one of the most secluded spots of this romantic district is situated the Abbey of Wilten, to which a superstitious veneration has long been paid by the people. It had long ago been prophesied, that the neighbourhood of the Abbey was to be the scene of the greatest triumphs to the Tyrolese; and the imaginations of the people, already warmed by the events of the war, looked forward with confidence to the accomplishment of the prophecy, in the events of the war which had assumed so interesting a character. Here, accordingly, Hofer collected all his forces, and exerted all his efforts to animate their spirits. The whole male population of the southern and western valleys were, by his exertions, assembled; a motley group, led on by leaders of various kinds, and bound together only by the sense of their common danger, and their common enthusiasm against the enemy.

During the night which preceded the battle, the friars traversed the different positions of the peasantry, and assisted in their devotions, and animated them to the courageous discharge of their duty. Many of these brave men actually joined the combatants, and were seen the next day, in their cowl and sandals, exposed to the hottest of the fire, sustaining the courage of the soldiers, and administering the consolations of religion to those that fell in battle. Nor let it be imagined that these efforts, on the part of the clergy, were either unnecessary, or unattended with important consequences on the issue of the contest. The Tyrolese were at this period entirely abandoned by the Austrians; they were pressed on all sides by the victorious arms of the French, and had retired to their central fastnesses as the last asylum of liberty and religion. To veteran troops, trained to war, led on by chiefs of consummate ability, and provided with everything necessary for its prosecution, they could oppose only hasty levies, destitute of artillery and of equipments, and ignorant even of the rudiments of the military art. What is still more, to troops who had been tried in innumerable combats, and who had stood side by side during a long and eventful war, they had to oppose men entirely ignorant of each other, and distrustful, like all inexperienced troops, of the courage and fidelity of their comrades in arms. It was the clergy who supplied the link that bound this unconnected mass together—it was their exhortations that gave them a common feeling and animated them by common hopes—and it was the spirit which they kindled that communicated to the shepherds of the Alps, in their first essay in arms, that heroic and generous confidence in each other which constitutes at once the strength and the pride of veteran soldiers.

To such a pitch, accordingly, was the enthusiasm of the people wound up, that not only the little children, but even the women, were engaged in the great battle which ensued. The French observed, that the prisoners taken from them by the enemy were for the most part guarded by women only; and they at first imagined that this was done in derision; but the fact was, that the whole male population of the country had taken up arms, and were actually engaged in the front of the combat. The little children whose age would not permit them to bear arms, still lingered about the ranks of their fathers, and sought, by any little offices, to render themselves useful in the common cause. One

of these, a son of Speckbacher, a boy of ten years, followed his father into the battle, and continued by his side in the hottest of the fire. He was several times desired by his father to retire; at length, when he was obliged to obey, he ascended a little rising ground, where the balls from the French army struck, and gathering them in his hat, carried them to such of his countrymen as he understood were in want of ammunition.

The action was long and severely contested from morning till night. The French and Bavarians advanced to the attack with the greatest resolution; while the Tyrolese were stationed on a succession of knolls, covered with fir, with their line extending across the little valleys that lay between them. In these valleys they had hastily constructed field-works, consisting of fir trees, felled and laid one above another, on which they stationed the bravest of their combatants. It was impossible not to admire the firmness with which the French grenadiers advanced to the attack of these entrenchments, and the ardent and enthusiastic valour with which they were defended—columns after columns pressed on in admirable order, and with an unfaltering step; and column after column was swept off by the unceasing rolling fire which the peasantry kept up. Some of these brave men even reached the foot of the barriers which had been constructed, and were beat down by the muskets of the Tyrolese, while struggling to penetrate through them. Nor was the valour displayed in the defence less eminently conspicuous. As the foremost of the peasantry were swept off by the *tirailleurs*, or the grape-shot of the Bavarians, their place was supplied by new combatants, eager to prolong the contest. The sons mounted the breach which their fathers had lately held, and, while weeping for the death of those most dear to them, resolutely and manfully continued the fight. Immediately in the rear were stationed the wives and daughters of those who were engaged, and, like their ancestors in the time of the Romans, relieved the sufferings of those who were wounded, and ceased not to animate the courage of those who survived, by their example and their tears.

The war in this great battle accordingly assumed a character unknown in the warfare of modern times. Placed in the very centre of their country, and fighting for the defence of their homes, and in the midst of their native villages, the pathetic incidents of individual distress were mingled with the cries, and tu-

mult, and animation of the battle. The wounded were not left, as in ordinary campaigns, to the cold and mercenary attendants of a field-hospital. They were conveyed instantly to their relations and friends ; and died in the midst of all who were dear to them, and in the sight " of their own hills which they had loved so well." Those who fell in the field were not cast, as in ordinary battles, into one undistinguished grave, but were conveyed to their native homes, and their remains preserved with religious care, and interred with a mingled feeling of exultation and grief, in the sepulchres of their fathers. The Tyrolese felt all that sublime devotion to their country's welfare, which made the Spartan mothers rejoice over their sons who had fallen in battle ; but the stern feelings of ancient virtue were tempered with the gentler spirit of Christian devotion ; and the graves of those who fell in the war are still strewn with flowers, to mark the undecaying affection with which their memory is cherished by the little circle to whom their victory was known.

The victory, though long doubtful, at length declared for the righteous side. Before sunset, the French and Bavarian ranks were entirely broken, and the shattered remnants of their forces fled in the utmost confusion to the valley of the Inn. Thither the Tyrolese pursued them ; and the news of this great victory soon brought thousands of new levies to their standards. The patriotic force rolled onwards, increasing as it advanced, till they occupied all the heights that surrounded the town of Inspruck. Thirty thousand men, the flower of the whole population of the Tyrol, and animated to enthusiasm by their recent successes, hemmed in the united forces of the French and Bavarians, who still amounted to twenty-five thousand men. These troops, however, were completely dispirited by the defeat which they had experienced ; and beheld, with anxious dread, on the evening of June 1st, the increasing bodies of the peasantry, who showed themselves on all the rising grounds in the neighbourhood of the town. The spectacle, indeed, was such as might have struck terror into troops less acquainted than they were with the valour and animosity of their enemies. On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, they discerned large numbers of men, whose activity and increasing columns indicated some great and immediate attack ; and when night fell, a thousand fires on the surrounding mountains cast a red and fearful light on their own shattered and

dispirited troops, and magnified to an incredible degree the numbers and formidable aspect of their opponents. The French remained under arms during the night, in hourly expectation of an attack; and, at length, drew off their forces, leaving Inspruck a second time to the brave men who had fought so nobly for its relief.

The whole valley of the Inn, as far as the fortress of Kuffstein, was now recovered by the Tyrolese, and they were on the point of bringing to a successful termination the siege of that fortress, when the fatal news of the battle of Wagram, and of the consequent armistice between the Austrians and French, was received. Shortly after this mournful intelligence was made known, the Tyrolese found themselves attacked by a great and overwhelming force under the Duke of Dantzic, which successively drove them from the lower and upper Inn Thal, and compelled them to take refuge in the fastnesses between Sterzing and Inspruck, in the neighbourhood of Mount Brenner. The conduct of the Tyrolese leaders, on this occasion, afforded a striking example of that mixture of religious enthusiasm with fixed and intrepid conduct, which so strongly marks the character of that people. No sooner was Hofer informed of the armistice between France and Austria, and of the evacuation of Inspruck by the Austrian troops, than he retired to a hermitage in one of the farthest recesses of the great range of Alps which separates the valley of the Inn from that of the Adige. Here he spent some days in solitude and prayer, revolving, it may be imagined, in his mind the different plans which might be formed for the relief of the country; and preparing himself for the sufferings, and insults, and death, to which, in the prosecution of his heroic purposes, he might be exposed. Nor were these hours of solitary meditation without their influence upon the character of his future life. It was from them that he inhaled that holy spirit which rendered him superior to the temptations, and fitted him for the sufferings of the world; and it was here that that invincible resolution was formed which never deserted him during the subsequent hours of national or individual distress, and enabled him to die like a good Christian and a brave man, when his earthly career was terminated within the walls of Mantua.

When Hofer and the other leaders of the insurrection issued from their retreat, they found the peasantry struggling to retard the enemy in their progress towards Sterzing. Already the

French had gained the first ascents from Inspruck, and the outposts of the contending parties were stationed on the opposite sides of the torrent of Eisack. Steep rocks, fringed with brushwood, rose above the bridge on the southern side, which the Tyrolese occupied. From these rocks they kept up an irregular fire on the French infantry, who were endeavouring to make their way through the defile. Notwithstanding the utmost courage on the part of the French, they found it impossible to make their way round a corner of the rock, where the road wound round the face of the precipice, full in view of the marksmen on the opposite bank. The grenadiers who advanced, were instantly shot, and so great was the slaughter which this irregular fire occasioned, that, in a very short time, the road was literally blocked up with dead bodies. In this emergency, an officer of the Bavarian dragoons volunteered to gallop over the bridge with his squadron, and dispossess the peasantry who occupied the opposite cliffs. The Tyrolese, perceiving the cavalry winding up the ascent, set fire to the bridge, and, in a very short time, the flames spread rapidly along the fir beams on which it was supported. Not deterred, however, by this circumstance, nor by the dreadful fire which the peasantry directed towards this point, the brave horseman pressed forward, and spurring his horse with much difficulty over the dead bodies of his comrades, dashed into the midst of the flames. The eyes of both armies were anxiously turned upon this brave man, and the hoofs of his horse were just touching the rocks on the opposite side, when the burning rafter broke, and he was precipitated from an immense height into the torrent beneath. A momentary pause, and a cessation from firing ensued, till the heavy splash in the deep ravine below announced his fate; and instantly a loud shout from the whole Tyrolese army, re-echoed through the impending rocks, announced to the neighbouring valleys that the French army was stopped at this important defile. This success, trifling as it may appear, was of the utmost consequence to the Tyrolese, for it gave the peasants, from the remote valleys, time to assemble; and though the French succeeded at the end of two days in turning their position, and forcing them to retire into the higher parts of Mount Brenner, yet the time which was thus gained, contributed, in a great measure, to the glorious victory which soon followed.

Hofer and Speckbacher, finding their forces continually increasing, and that the drooping spirits of the peasantry were some-

what elated by their recent success, resolved to give battle to the enemy. For this purpose they took post near the foot of Mount Brenner, in the valley which leads towards that pass from the Inn Thal. The scene of this action was of a more solitary and gloomy character than any which had hitherto occurred during the war. On either side, steep and rugged hills arose, covered with scattered fir and larch, with their summits clothed with perpetual snow. Immediately in the rear of their position, towered the bare and inaccessible peaks of Mount Brenner, bearing on their summits an immense glacier, presenting, to all appearance, an insurmountable obstacle to human approach. It was in this desolate and gloomy scene that the Tyrolese took their station, with their armies stretching up the mountains on either side, and their centre supported by a small tower which had been built in former times in the narrowest part of the valley, to guard the pass. The chiefs, being conscious that the fate of their country depended on the issue of that day, made every effort to animate their troops, and, in the night succeeding the battle, went through the different ranks to ascertain the temper of the soldiers. They found them firm and resolute in their purpose to defend themselves to the last extremity, and sell their lives as dearly as possible, if all hopes of ultimate success were lost. At two in the morning mass was said by the friar Joachim, at which all the other leaders of the army assisted, and they then separated and took their station at their several posts. These brave men, at parting, took leave of each other as if their last hour was come; and, like the three hundred Spartans in the defile of Thermopylæ, thought only of meeting again in another world.

The action commenced at daybreak, by the French pushing forward a large column, supported by cavalry and artillery, on the high road, towards the old tower which formed the centre of the position of the enemy. They were received with a rolling fire from all parts of the valley, and lost an immense number of men in advancing over the small space of ground which separated the two armies. By pushing forward column after column, however, they gradually gained ground, and their artillery, before two o'clock, were brought up close to the tower in which the Tyrolese were placed. Sensible of the importance of retaining this important post, the patriots vigorously withstood the battalions who advanced; and so stubborn was the resistance which they presented,

that the French were literally obliged to cut them down in the stations assigned to them, and to draw their cannon over the dead bodies of those who had fallen. Even in the last agonies of life, this stern and desperate valour did not desert them, insomuch that the wounded men, who were disabled from using their weapons, and lay weltering in their blood on the road, clung to the wheels of the artillery that was advancing, and loosed not their desperate grasp till death relaxed their hold. The French artillery, like the car of the god Jagaurnaut, ploughed its way through the dead and the dying, and crushed beneath its wheels the multitudes who sacrificed themselves to arrest its progress.

Peter Lanshner, the parish priest of Weitendale, commanded at this critical point, and displayed the greatest valour in the defence of his station. He was acquainted with the plan of the action which Hofer had suggested, which was to throw a column of peasants in the rear of the mountains on the left hand of the Tyrolese army, which was destined to descend at twelve o'clock in the rear of the enemy. If he could keep his ground till that hour, the victory was secure. It was now half-past eleven, and no symptoms of the troops upon the ridge of the mountains had yet appeared, while the French, notwithstanding the most heroic resistance, had penetrated to the very foot of the tower which he occupied. The first discharges of artillery brought down its tottering walls, and the Bavarians were on the very point of rushing in, when the shouts from higher parts of the line announced the appearance of the columns which had been detached to the rear of the enemy. For an instant the firing on both sides ceased, in expectation of some intelligence of the event which had occasioned this tumult; and, as the smoke cleared, away the Tyrolese beheld their countrymen occupying in great force, at a vast height above them, the rocky ridge on the left hand, and the broad banner of Austria waving on the summit of the snowy cliffs that shut in the valley on the western side. This joyful event was instantly communicated to all parts of the patriot army; and the French, perceiving the column in their rear descending to attack them, fell back on all sides, and rapidly retraced their steps down the course of the stream which they had recently ascended.

Their retreat for some time was conducted with considerable order and skill; but the numbers of the peasantry increased as they advanced, and the columns of the French inevitably fell into

some confusion in the narrow ravines through which the road lay. The forests on either side of the road were filled with marksmen, who kept up an incessant fire on the retreating columns, insomuch so, that the Duke of Dantzic was obliged to march on foot in the dress of a common soldier, to avoid being singled out by the marksmen, who hung on their road. He collected his forces, however, and took up a strong position in the neighbourhood of the Abbey of Wilten, which had already been the scene of glorious success to the Tyrolese. His army occupied a cluster of wooded hills, which lay like the Trosacles at the foot of a vast ridge of rocky mountains that formed the eastern boundary of the valley. Here he was attacked at six o'clock on the morning of the 12th August, by the Tyrolese, headed chiefly by the parish priests in the vicinity, and under the general command of Hofer, Speckbacher, and Kemenater. The battle consisted chiefly of insulated struggles between the different bodies of the contending armies, who occupied these wooded eminences; and, after an obstinate and most bloody contest, it was decided at midnight in favour of the Tyrolese. In this action, even the wives and daughters of the peasants took an active share, and not only escorted the prisoners who were made during the action, but resolutely attacked the enemy's position, and in many instances fell by their husbands' side, while storming the entrenchments which they had thrown up for their defence.

The broken remains of the French army fell back in disorder to Inspruck, which they evacuated without resistance; and continuing their retreat along the course of the Inn, abandoned the Tyrol territory. In the course of this retreat, they exercised the most horrid acts of cruelty upon the unfortunate inhabitants of the country. Everywhere the villages were burnt, and the peasants hunted like wild beasts into the woods. Such of them as were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, of whatever age or sex, were massacred without mercy. The soldiers even seemed to take delight in acts of destruction, from which no advantage could arise to themselves; and burned the houses which were deserted by their inhabitants, and in which they could discover no articles of sufficient value to reward the trouble of plundering. The beautiful town of Schwatz, on the Inn, was entirely burned by these merciless invaders; and to this day the traveller can mark the progress of their armies, by the ruined houses and the shat-

tered towns which still attest the extent of their devastations. In many places, however, they have lately been repaired; and the English traveller learns with delight that it is to the munificence of his countrymen that the greater part of the smiling cottages that adorn the hills around Inspruck, have been owing; and that the inhabitants acknowledge with the deepest thankfulness the generosity of that nation, which is happily renowned in the Tyrol, only as healing the wounds which the ravages of war have occasioned.

The Tyrolese war, after the peasantry had thus a third time, without any foreign aid, delivered it from their enemies, presented many most interesting occurrences, though they are of a more melancholy description, as the overwhelming numbers of the French, after the conclusion of the Austrian campaign, rendered all farther resistance altogether hopeless, and the severity of the season obliged the peasants to descend from the higher Alps, in which they had so nobly maintained their freedom, into the valleys, where their valour was unavailing against the numbers and discipline of their enemies; but the limits of a sketch of this nature, forbid our entering upon their narrative.







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